

# Light of Truth.

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## A Story Beginning at Marriage.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

### CHAPTER II.

"He said, when first he saw me,  
Life seemed at once divine;  
Each night he dreamt of angels,  
And every face was mine.  
Sometimes a voice in sleeping  
Would all his hopes forbid,  
And then he wakened weeping—  
Do you really think he did?"

The next morning as Mark sat on the porch, Mary came gaily toward him and, smiling, said: "I have come for you, as I promised, for the woodland walk."

Her gipsy hat hung on her shoulders, half concealed, half concealing her luxuriant, wavy hair. Her complexion received a more delicate shade from her simple buff dress gathered at the waist by a band.

The path wound around a steep hillside, over the brook, where a mossy log served for a bridge, and under great maples and beeches casting dense shade. The squirrels chattered in their branches, rattling the triangular nuts on their heads. The brown thrush and robin sang for them, and on the high skeleton top of a tree on the hill some crows were holding high debate. The path was bordered with flowers, the purple gentian, the aster, and golden rod. They came to a stream where three enormous maples sent their roots down the bank on one side, clasping with their gnarled fingers the rocky support and interlacing formed a rustic seat. Mary motioned her attendant to be seated, and sat on the opposite side.

"I presume," she naively said, "these surroundings will recall many of my attempts at rhyme, as they have usually been made here."

"Truly, then, this is the place for a confessional. This retreat where the thoughts took wing, which drew me to you, should hear the story these thoughts have unfolded."

"I am sure, Mr. Leland, it would be absurd to confess when you have nothing to reveal."

"I have much to confess, Miss Malcolm. We wrote of love before we met."

"And you think it was an imprudence, and wish to retract?" she replied, with difficulty suppressing the tears brimming in her eyes.

"Who said that?" he asked earnestly. "Who said that? Not I. But I thought I saw in your face that you were disappointed."

"I have not said that."

"It was a severe test," he continued, speaking slowly. "Your fancy formed an ideal, which I am in every way unworthy to make real. You will delay your decision?"

She remained silent.

"I have little to offer you, for I have my way to make single-handed in the world. It requires the sublime faith of Cadizah to believe in my future, but all I am, all I have, all the future may bring, is—"

"Is mine!" she interrupted, laughing through her tears.

"Is yours?"

There was a prolonged pause, broken at length by Mary, who said:

"I have little to offer you, but I have Cadizah's faith in your future."

This was uttered in such a suppressed strain, he thought she mocked him, but in her eyes he saw her earnestness, and ventured to press her hand to his lips.

"You are mine and I am thine!"

"That depends," she replied somewhat coldly, "on how you understand those words. If you mean ownership, I say no, but if it is likeness of sentiment and unison of purpose, emphatically, yes."

"Mary," he replied in admiration, "I am glad you have spoken, for a perfect understanding is the basis of trust, the sister of love. I scorn the gross idea of possession, of the wife's promised obedience; mine and thine in the sense of a common purpose in life, common aims and a blended destiny."

Her face glowed with animation as she replied: "It may be a dream, but it is a beautiful dream! Man and woman standing equal before the law, husband and wife, each encouraging the other in the attainment of the utmost excellence in their respective spheres, and drawn together by a force which to all outside influences makes them one."

Her face glowed with enthusiasm, and she blushed at the warmth and boldness of her words.

"You have expressed my own thoughts," he replied, "better than I could myself. I too well remember the instructions of my mother, and respect her too well to coerce, by a father's weight, or blight an aspiration of the one whom I shall call my wife."

He gathered flowers and began to weave them into a wreath. "The blue are for your profound thought," he said, "the gentian for your goodness, and this golden rod is jealousy, for love must be jealously guarded."

When he had completed it, he placed it on her brow, and slowly, with scarcely a word exchanged, they retraced their steps.

They found Mr. Malcolm sitting on the porch reading a paper; Bessie by his side eagerly perusing a fairy tale. Mary seated herself by her father, for he was now doubly dear to her, and Victor sat on the opposite side of the doorway.

"You have taken a long walk, and I had concluded to send Spray after you," said Mr. Malcolm, a smile lighting his usually serious eyes; and, at the mention of his name, Spray, a beautiful, silky-coated spaniel bounded to his knee.

"He would have had no difficulty in finding us, for we have been to my usual retreat," replied Mary. "Spray, my posy, why did you not go with us?"

"He is a cute dog, father says," spoke Bessie. "He knows when a third party is not wanted."

"Bessie," said her father, laughing, "you should not repeat our little private conversations."

Mary was annoyed by thus being given the key to the conversation of her father and Bessie, and changed the subject.

"Mr. Leland, I wish my dear mother were here, that you might see her. It is so sad to think of her as apart from us."

A tear dropped on the paper Mr. Malcolm was reading, but he quickly looked up, smiling, and said: "Many years ago she left us—long and dreary years. We can not see her, but I often feel her presence, and that she has not forsaken us."

"My mamma," said Bessie, "was too good for earth, and is the most beautiful of the angels."

"Mr. Malcolm," said Mark, "I presume my correspondence with your daughter is not a secret to you?"

"By no means, sir, for she has always made a confidante of me, and recently I have taken the liberty to write to Deering, to learn if her confidence was misplaced. Understanding the deep interest a father has in the welfare of his child, you will pardon me."

"Pardon you?" replied Mark warmly, "I am the one to ask pardon. I should have furnished you with references. You have made the way easy for me to ask the greatest favor possible, and that is the gift of your daughter." He paused, and with a strong effort, her father replied, with a voice of suppressed grief: "Mr. Leland, Mary has been more than a daughter to me since her mother's death. She has, in a measure, taken her mother's place. When she goes away, I shall have only Bessie."

Mary, unable to suppress her tears, came and threw her arms around her father's neck, and wept in silence. As for Mark, he felt condemned for his unheard-of barbarity. It had not before occurred to him that their love could make any one unhappy. He regarded himself as an unfeeling wretch, and would have so expressed himself had not Mr. Malcolm resumed: "Life to me has been a lost battle, for the fates have been ever adverse. A short period only was passed in the sunshine of love, for the rising of Bessie's star heralded my night. I have lived for my children, and their affection has been my solace. I have expected this hour when some one would demand them of me."

"Oh, Mary!" sobbed Bessie, "we can not have you go away."

"I shall travel for a year," continued Mr. Malcolm, "and then, events must decide my course."

He drew Bessie to him and folded her in his arms.

"After which," said Mark, "your home will be with us."

"I can not accept your generous offer myself, but I may for Bessie. Life is so uncertain with me, I desire to be assured that she has a permanent home."

"We will adopt her as our daughter, Mary?"

Deeply blushing, she replied: "You are, indeed, generous, and I am a favorite of fortune, if my father and sister both find a home with me." The bell rang for tea. They arose and entered the house, Bessie holding her father by the hand on one side, and Mark on the other, calling them her old papa, and her new. The sun was shining in an amethyst haze, and they were happy.

To be continued.)

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

## THE ABSURDITIES OF MATERIALISTIC THEORIES OF EVOLUTION.

BY PROF. J. RODES BUCHANAN.

As man in the early ages discovered the planets and other stars, but knew nothing of their distance from the earth, having no telescopes, so we now-a-days have discerned races of men and extinct animals in remote ages, but we shall not know how remote until we use the psychic telescope of psychometry which I discovered in 1841 and perfected in 1842.

The physical telescope of glass penetrates all space, but the psychic telescope penetrates all time as well as space; for it conquers both, and it will give us a complete revelation of Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene ages, and go still beyond into the Azoic time when earth was a dead mass waiting for life—waiting for the higher world to bless it. It will tell, too, how life began and how it evolved from animalcule to the grand animal kingdom to which we belong—how the Radiata, Articulate, and Mollusca came on, and how the Vertebrata were diversified from fishes up to man.

I have not publicly spoken of evolution, but I think I already understand the creative secret as it will be known hereafter, and I feel like smiling as the great wave of public opinion rises and falls at the base of the grand undeveloped science of evolution, and lifts the honest and laborious Charles Darwin to the highest rank as a philosopher, when he was nothing more than an original and painstaking naturalist.

Scientists are exulting in the development of the doctrine of evolution, and it has frightened the clergy, but after all it is only a scarecrow, for I do not hesitate to say there is no science of evolution yet before the world. The so-called science is nothing more than a review of geology, zoology, and paleontology, which tells us in more copious details the natural history of the successive orders of life that have appeared on the globe.

Is that a discovery or a philosophy? Far from it. The story of successive development of higher and higher orders is a familiar old story throughout this century—sketched by Lamarck and beautifully told in the "Vestiges of Creation" about fifty years ago. The evolutionists have done nothing but to tell over the same story with ten times as many details, and finish by saying that is evolution. They assume that if one species of animal appeared after another on the globe, that one species must have been converted into the other, and there is no need to prove it. As a matter of philosophy I call this a bold and barefaced assumption. It is an impudent begging the question without attempting proof.

If an oak forest disappears and is succeeded by a beech forest, as in Denmark, does that prove that the oaks were converted into beeches—which is more probable than to suppose that an oyster can become a whale by successive transformations, or that animalcule can continue growing and growing, transforming and transforming until they become men.

All nature laughs aloud at such a preposterous theory as this which men believe simply because they wish to believe it, as they do not know what else to think—the same reason which made the ancients believe this world to be a flat plain. If this theory were true—if there were a sliding scale from one species to another—if through millions of years animals were undergoing slow transformations from one species to another, all natural history would be a chaos; for the number of animals undergoing this transformation and dying in its primitive stages would be so great that the whole earth would be sprinkled over with monstrosities of no defined species, and for every well-defined animal which we could name, there would be a thousand intermediate for which we had no name, and instead of a limited number of species they would count by the millions, and every mine and every cave would tell the story of the hodge-podge and helter-skel-

ter system of evolution, which has no record on the globe, and never existed except in the brain of a materialistic philosopher, who is blind to any higher causes than the physical.

The whole theory is a monumental record of the stupidities and delusions of the stubborn materialism that rules our colleges to-day. When a juggler tells you that if you give him your hat with a hen egg in it he will hand it back with the egg converted into a pigeon, he does not expect you, unless a simpleton, to believe that he made the transformation which you know he could not do; but the evolutionist asks you to believe in a wholesale transformation by means of natural causes, which you know they can not accomplish, for you see them going on all the time without transforming anything from one species to another—causes which have been operating through a million years without bringing a single clear evidence that any species was ever transformed into another entirely different, whereas if the theory were true the whole world would be a museum of infinitely varied transformations. Evolutionists have searched over the globe for these millions of intermediate or modified animals which their theory requires, and after totally failing they point to some trivial variation or to some species that were clearly analogous in the horse family (upon which evidence Huxley relies), evidence that is so entirely irrelevant to the question as to look like a surrender of the theory. And yet Huxley and other evolutionists talk about evolution in such a defiant and insolent way that we are astonished to see so much absurdity and so much arrogance combined in parties who have totally failed to prove their claims, and after accepting doctrines that have no proof, they ignore spiritual science with its millions of proofs! Such is the wisdom of Colleges to-day!

Materialism is of the earth earthy, and can never solve the problem of evolution or any other fundamental problems of life—not even the constitution of man. But physical scientists have not all fallen in with the evolutionary hypothesis of transmutation.

Lyell calls the theory of substitution of some nerve-organ for another before existing an "unpardonable" and "gratuitous assumption."

Professor Dana says "there are no facts sustaining the theory that species were made from species."

Virchow, the leader of biology in Germany, says as to the theory, that "the ancestors of man belong to some other order of vertebrates." . . . "I must declare that every step of positive progress in the domain of prehistoric anthropology has removed us farther away from the proof of their connection."

Agassiz tersely characterized the evolutionary doctrine as a "mere assertion." He also says: "It is not true that all the earlier animals were simpler than the later. On the contrary many of the lower animals were introduced under more highly organized forms than they have ever shown since, and have dwindled afterward." . . . "The more complicated forms have frequently appeared first, and the simpler ones later, and this in hundreds of instances. The development-assertion does not bear serious examination."

"Naturalists are chasing a phantom in their search after some material gradation among created beings, by which the whole animal kingdom may have been derived by successive development from a first germ or a few germs." Nevertheless the mechanical theory of evolution has charmed the great majority of scientists, because their common sense compels them to reject the Biblical fable of creation, and then materialism confines them rigidly to mechanical causes. There they must stand in the dungeon of materialism, until a comprehensive philosophy shall appear to release them.

But it may be asked why have we not measured the ages of evolution on this globe by the power of the new science? The next century will do it, but just now I am only a pioneer in science, unable to do the work that would require twenty men, and unable to command their cooperation. But one man in this century, the true, fearless, and philosophic Denton has stood by my side helping on this work—himself battling like the soldiers of a forlorn hope against the opposition of orthodox fashions of belief and collegiate ignorance.

Denton knew as well as I that the dawn of psychometry was for mankind as the sunrise over the world, and well did he employ its power in looking all over the ancient history of this globe, and even extending his researches to the stars.

How deeply are we all indebted to him for demonstrating in his great work, "The Soul of Things," what I have not had time to demonstrate. The tomb near Berrigabadi, on an island in the Pacific, inhabited by savages, where he fell in his grand march in pursuit of knowledge, August 26th, 1883, should be a sacred spot to future travelers. Could he have returned with the spoils of ages, the intellectual wealth of Egyptian history, his contribution would have surpassed all the recent labors of European savants. The world does not realize its profoundest teachers till they are in the higher world. But in the future the name of Denton will shine as a star.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

## IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

F. H. REMIS.

It is constantly affirmed by unbelievers in spirit-communion, that the messages coming from departed human spirits contain nothing that we do not already know—nothing we are not "already satisfied on." The objection is weak and frivolous. Let it once be settled that the messages are real—that they come from discarnate human spirits—that they are intelligible, and it matters not how commonplace they may be, they are of profound significance. If such messages come at all they imply continued existence after the change we call death. They are an answer to the most momentous question ever propounded by mortal lips: "If a man die shall he live again?" Is it a matter of no consequence—of no importance, to be assured in the only possible way for such information to come, that the loved are not lost, that the dear ones who have gone before, still live? There can be no certain evidence of continuity of life after the dissolution of our mortal bodies, unless it be through the perpetual and universal operation of spiritual law; a law which, under favoring condition, makes spirit-return and spirit-communion possible throughout all the ages. Tell us not of special revelations—of special dispensations—of something unnatural, exceptional, and out of the divine order! If the dead return not, speak not, now, to-day; if through more than eighteen centuries of silence and death

the grave has returned no answer; if we can not trust the evidence which appeals to our senses under critical and scientific conditions of to-day; if we can not rely upon the perpetuity and uniformity of spiritual law—then mock us not with the crude child stories of events said to have occurred in an ignorant and unscientific age, long centuries ago. If no such phenomena have been possible since, they were not possible then. The Church, blind to the spiritual facts which confront it to-day, takes us back over a dead and dreary waste of nearly sixty generations, to tell us of the wonderful occurrences which happened in Judea in the times of Jesus and Peter and Paul. Nothing of the kind, it will tell you, ever occurred before or since. That, it says, was a special dispensation—an age of miracle. We make answer, if no such events have occurred at any other period of the world's history, they did not occur then. We know that all pretended miracles are myths, born of ignorance, superstition, and credulity. As surely as God is, nothing can occur in contradiction of natural law, because natural law is but God's eternal and immutable way of doing things. God himself could not if he would, and would not if he could, do anything special or particular in contravention or contradiction of his eternal and immutable purposes. Nothing occurred in Judea eighteen centuries ago which might not occur there to-day; or in any other country, or among any other people, or in any other age. We know that the same unvarying spiritual laws must prevail throughout all ages and in all worlds; because we know that an infinite and eternal God must be infinite and eternal in his operations; and that is what constitutes spiritual and natural law. Spiritualism rests upon this eternal and immutable order. It knows no miracle. It is tethered to no marvelous or exceptional occurrence of long ago, stranded solitary and alone on the shores of time; ever fresh and perennial, it is in harmony with the divine and natural order. To it, all lands are holy lands. To it, the light and air of Palestine is not alone impregnate with the life divine; and the dew and rain which falls to-day is not less refreshing than the dew and rain which fell on Hermon centuries ago.

"O friend! We need not rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream nor morning land."

"For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold."

## SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

EUDORA B. MARCEN.

The world is astir with plans and methods for the advancement of human comfort and human happiness. Since the incoming psychic wave first attracted public attention in an obscure New York village, up to the present hour, when man feels through all his being the pulse beats of the infinite, movements for reform have grown space. The emancipation of the black man, the increasing liberty of conscience, sex equality and human equality have been forward steps in the march of progress.

In earlier times, American ideas were hampered by the monarchical thought and customs of the colonists. But with generations born to liberty, there has come a broader outlook and a deeper understanding of the rights of man. The American people are setting themselves free from many old-world conditions. Yet each year brings so great an influx of minds imbued with conflicting thought, that the full strength of American knowledge has to be exerted, to overcome these pernicious influences. Though for all this, there has been a steady growth toward better things, a more general understanding of the brotherhood of man, a realization in the minds of men, that all men are brethren and that neighbor means, he who needs assistance.

To bring this thought prominently before man, has taken courage and patience. Yet the hour has always found the man or the woman, ready to bear the banner of progress before a sneering or an applauding world.

The men and women who struck the shackles from the negro, were outcasts from public favor, less than half a century ago. To-day they are enrolled as the bravest and wisest of our country's heroes.

The men who first questioned the fable of the three-headed god, were all but denied a hearing. To-day respected of men, they are a powerful sect, working in the front rank of intellectual liberty.

The women who dared claim for themselves the right of individuals in the first half of the nineteenth century, were looked upon by their more conservative sisters and brothers, as defying God and reason. They are now honored and sought after, and but for the slow moving wheels of custom, would ere this have attained their equality before the law; for no man who respects himself and honors his mother's memory, dare deny the justice of their claim.

The "visionaries" of the present hour who seek a more practical brotherhood, wherein, all men rich or poor, high or low, shall stand before the law equal in fact as in theory, may for the time, be stigmatized as "cranks." But in the new time rolling on, they too shall be classed among the liberators of the race.

In all this upward movement, what part has Spiritualism played? The thoughtless would answer, nothing. The name has never been mentioned in connection with one of the political, social, or industrial movements of the last half century. Look, however, at the membership of these reform movements. Read the rolls. There appear the names, not a few, but in multitudes of men and women who were and are avowed Spiritualists.

Let it be remembered that grand souls are never partisan; they who come closest to the great heart of all, can work with all. Not to advance an ism, but for the benefit of man, these brave souls have laid aside selfishness and worked for humanity.

What was their inspiration and their strength? The knowledge that ever present though unseen the angel world walked with them, their guide and comforter. Spiritualism pure and simple was their inspiration and their stay. The knowledge that the unseen forces were fighting with them, gave them strength. The wave of psychic force, beats strong and full upon the shores of matter. The keener senses of the advanced guard see it first and proclaim it to the multitude. And Spiritualists inspired by Spiritualism have led, and are leading, the van of progress, towards a truer manhood, a truer womanhood, towards the ideals foreshadowed in the visions of the inspired ones. The true reformer is, and must ever be a Spiritualist; for the power that moves all things is spirit, and only they who recognize it, can intelligently act with it. These are true reformers and genuine Spiritualists. —Alice.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## IMPRESSIBILITY OF WORDS AND IDEAS.

In almost all instances where communications are given through mediumship great and insurmountable obstacles are met in obtaining names, dates, and set forms of words and phrases. It is observed that whatever may be the nationality of the spirit, the medium speaks in his own language, except on rare occasions. It is possible for the spirit to speak in its own dialect, but this implies exceeding sensitiveness on one side and thorough knowledge of spiritual laws on the other. As these are conditions which are not usual with newly formed circles, or recently developed mediums, investigators are confused and confirmed in their skepticism on the very threshold of their research. When circles are organized and fortunately receive manifestations, usually the first impulse of the members is for "tests," and "tests" generally mean names, dates, etc., which even under the most favorable and established conditions are difficult for the controlling spirit to give. If due patience were exercised these would be given at the first favorable moment. By prematurely forcing the matter failure is almost certain, and the doubt resulting closes the door against further communications.

This course of procedure arises from mistaken views of the methods by which communications are transmitted. The communications are thought to be given by words to the medium, and by the medium spoken or written. The careful study of impressibility shows that words are not a necessary factor. Thought is transmitted—the ideas—from the controlling spirit and are impressed on the mind of the medium where they are clothed in such language as the medium can command. It thus is self-evident that a Shakespeare, if he attempted to impress an ignorant medium, might succeed in imparting a vivid idea, but the habilitation of words by which the receiving medium clothes it, would be imperfect and inadequate.

This subject is brought up by an inquiry made by a thoughtful correspondent as to what he considers irreconcilable statement that words are not necessary to convey the thoughts of spiritual beings. He says:

"According to the opinion I have formed of the matter, after repeated attempts to utter a prayer in thought, without the formula of words, it is useless to connect ideas without words, and the more I study upon it the more I am convinced that consecutive ideas can not be expressed unless formulated in known terms. I can not think without language; and knowing no other than the English tongue, I have to think in English. This may be a fault of my mental conformation, and I would like to know if any one can address in thought any conversation without words."

Max Muller has advanced and strenuously advocated the theory that thought itself is dependent on language. Without which there could be no accumulation of ideas, and mental progress impossible. His theory is that the word came before the thought it conveys. If we can not think without words, then until words are acquired there can be no thoughts. We can not accept that conclusion.

Going back to childhood we come to a time when the babe has no words, yet we can not for a moment believe that it is without thought. We know to the contrary. When the child just able to walk, yet unable to speak, leads its mother to the door to have her open it, although not speaking or knowing a word, it manifests complexity of thought. If at that age the child be placed in a German, Italian, French, or English family it will soon express its thoughts in the language of those who surround it; but if it should be placed where it would hear no spoken words, it would remain dumb. Deaf mutes are in the latter condition, never having heard a spoken word, but they have ideas, often of complex character.

Thinking in words is an acquired habit. If acquainted with only one language, thoughts are clothed in the words of that language. If in after years another language is acquired, a double process is carried on when speaking. The thoughts, as a rule, are first clothed with the words of the mother tongue, and then translated into the foreign. In the pantomime by which those unable to speak a common language convey ideas, there are no words spoken. It may be objected that although not articulated words representing the ideas are thought in one language and by gestures are reproduced in other words of the receptive mind. True, but in the savage, half of whose language is gesture, and in the child before it acquires the use of words, this objection does not hold good.

However intimate the connection between thoughts and words, so close that by habit we confound the two, as the Materialist confounds the spirit and the body because of their seemingly inseparable dependence. By deeper insight we learn that ideas must exist before the words by which they are expressed. A word has no meaning except that which the mind stamps upon it. It is a symbol of an idea. It is not logical to hold that the symbol and the idea for which it stands are one and inseparable; still less that the symbol creates that for which it stands.

The resultant of the voluminous investigations of "thought-transference" conclusively prove that thought can be conveyed from one mind to another without words. When the sensitive magnetic subject is made to read the thoughts of his magnetizer, the result is the same whether the two understand the same language or not; and the same may be said of spirit influence. The fact of such impressibility demonstrates the existence of thought free from the limitation of words; and if we seemingly can not think without the assistance of words, we must refer our apparent inability to the force of habit.

With this understanding the great and almost insurmountable difficulties a spirit meets in speaking in a language not known to the sensitive, becomes apparent. That this is possible to be done is fully established by facts, but it implies an unusual degree of sensitiveness and ability to control. This will be more vividly presented if the mesmeric state be compared. Subjects are found so sensitive as to repeat the thoughts of their magnetizer, but they are only one in a thousand. They are subject to the lower state, but can not reach the higher degree, so of the many mediums who are able to catch ideas, only occasionally are there those who reach the exalted state of what may be called perfect control.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## MEMORY.

MRS. M. THERESA ALLEN.

Memory is a preservative element in the human organization. It is the memory of the event that brings the event back into our lives, with all its joys or sorrows, and gladdens or saddens the heart with its influence. It is the memory of a deed that kindles into life a blessing or a curse, according to the nature of the deed, or rather according to the effect of the same. The gentle word, the kindly deed, the tender sympathy, is not forgotten; it has an immortality, an existence long after the original occasion for its existence has passed away; and we, in our meditations, recall and establish them in the mind-realm as forms of thought that exist and have their being among the things that are.

## THE UNCERTAINTY OF OPINIONS.

Upon any subject of which but few facts are correctly known it is highly probable that should ten men set to work to explain them there would be ten distinct and antagonistic opinions. Each person would be religiously attached to his own view of the matter, and if contradicted would show a warm temper and disagreeable feelings. The fewer the facts, the more bold the opinion. Men never quarrel about the correctness of the multiplication table. Philosophical quarrels are numerous, but religious quarrels are more numerous and more bitter, simply because the subjects of them are mere speculations and unverifiable opinions.

Pythagoras, a very eminent ancient philosopher, speculated about the cause of all things, so did Plato, Aristotle, Moses, Spinoza, Comte, Berkeley, and not the least of all, Spencer. But upon the idea of cause, God, or creative power, no two of them could exactly agree. The Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian, with their divided sects, say that their own special phase of thought is right, and none other. The Christians send missionaries to India to Christianize the Hindoo. Theosophists come from India to teach Christians a degenerated Buddhism. The Calvinists in theology are in conflict with the earnest and confident followers of Arminius. Go my way or be damned is the cry of all. Now all these philosophical and religious speculations conflict, and animosities exist because men are not in possession of a sufficient number of demonstrable facts belonging to the subject on which they speculate. The pious Christian minister dogmatizes in his closet and pulpit about the being and nature of God, as if some settled verifiable knowledge was possessed by man of such an existence and person. All this vice, in human thinking, comes from the early habits of the underclass mind. There is a vast difference between religious wonder and scientific curiosity. The former belongs to the order of mental emotion, and the latter to the order of the intellectual earnestness to know, to investigate, explore the unknown planes of being. The problem of the divine existence is the sublime problem toward which the human mind has advanced, but it is too great a problem for human reason. Knowledge is obtained from observation. All that is in the mind comes through the sense. Inspiration even can not help man beyond the capacity of sense consciousness. Mentality of all gods are in the human mold. If an eagle can reason its god would be an eagle. The different systems of theology are as baseless as a vision. Religions have made slaves of human reason, and crushed the liberal aspirations of races. They have done more, they have been helps to the minds crushed by the institutions which they have created. They first created an abnormal appetite, and then fed it.

The existence of any special god set up by any race is another question entirely from that of the sublime one of creative power. I do not call the God of the Bible, nor the Grecian, nor the Roman, nor the Scandinavian gods, the Creator of the world. All the gods which men make are but the ideas of men. The most ignorant nations will be the most earnest fighters for their religion. Intolerance, ignorance, and religion live in the same house.

It is very proper for an intelligent mind to speculate upon the cause of all things. The imagination under the exercise becomes delightfully excited, so stupendous is the nature and constitution of the universe. Virchow censures Haeckel for teaching the hypothesis of evolution as a truth; but Virchow is a theist, and teaches that there is a god. Oh! for the consistency of men. If it be right for Virchow to sustain theism, it is just for Haeckel to sustain evolution, and more so, because the theory of evolution is purely based upon carefully observed facts in nature, and theism is simply the creation of opinion, processes of reason, and never can amount to more than an assumption. Men will fight for their theories as a hen will fight for her chickens. The less we know and the more perfect and blind our faith.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## SENATORIAL SNOBOCRACY.

WILLARD J. HULL.

Noah Webster defines a snob a vulgar person, particularly one who apes gentility. Accepting this definition it would require a lifetime to write the history of snobs. Like the ubiquitous harlequin, men call death, the snob greets us at every turn. You look into a newspaper and the first thing you see is the effusion of some snob who undertakes to mould public opinion for you. Go into a club and the snob swings his goggles at you with the airs of a Chesterfield. Walk on the avenue and behold him in lavender and rosemary. Enter a drawing-room and you will find him comparing his elegance with the portieres, ogling the ladies or talking reciprocity with Equador with Bilks, the host. Enter a court room and he is as likely to be found on the Bench as at the door with a distaff. Take a seat in some gilded pew and you will see him caricaturing religion behind a pulpit, or with a chasuble on his back essay to eat a first-century corpse at the altar. But perhaps the most satirical snob thus far discovered is he who struts under the title of United States Senator. Of course he doesn't care a penny for piety. He draws \$8,000 a year from the public crib for making laws. Laws may be good or bad; that's not his affair, all he is there for is to ape his immediate predecessors. They in their day were fools most of the time; that fact is sufficient precedent for their posterity. Some 4,000 years ago, more or less, a dyspeptic Jew presented to a tribe of barbarians an alleged interview he had had with a fog. This fog differed from others only in the increased friendliness and stupidity of his character. Otherwise they were all alike. Amongst other subjects said to have been discussed at this wonderful seance was the holiness of a certain twenty-four hours each week which had been previously set apart, and it was decided to perpetuate the sanctity of this day, and so the command was sent out that these barbarians must remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. In view of this antique nightmare it is entirely becoming to the dignity and decorum of a few snobs who have bought their way into the places of such men as Benton, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Henry Sumner, Garfield, and Hendricks in the United States Senate, to ape the fetish of the hoary Jew and to hold up to the 6,000,000 or 8,000,000 other snobs of like calibre throughout the country the old command and vote against Federal assistance to the World's Fair unless the same shall be closed on Sunday. If it was not so serious matter as regards effects, the ludicrousness of it all would be sufficient to draw out a sardonic grin on the mug of an Egyptian sphynx. To think that these toadies should have a care as to whether Baal or St. Crispian should be recognized at Chicago is to think that they might not get egotistical enough to lift themselves over the capital by their boot straps.

No! No! Ye gods of the great unwashed, these are simply the effete gushes of snobocracy. These precious fellows care about the inviolability of the Sabbath? Tut, tut. They would spend all day Sunday legislating on some political job, it would not interfere with their sanctimony at all. But because a lot of fossils, who are as much out of date as a megalithum would be in a company of jack rabbits. Ask them to tack on to a measure involving the ease and pleasure of millions, a proviso which recalls the deals between Quixote and Sancho Panza, the case is entirely transformed according

to the wisdom of snobdom. Therefore a chance must be given for the long-eared swineherd to leer at the common-sense people, and, like owls in a jungle, hoot out "Glory to God. See now how great is Our church!"

It only remains now for the Liquor Dealers' Association of Chicago to hold a mass meeting, invite the various dominies to lead in prayer and invoke the blessing of the Jew Jehovah and remind him how valiantly they have all profited by his exhibition in the burning bush. If this precious piece of puritanical hypocrisy succeeds and becomes a law and is enforced, Chicago will have unnumbered thousands of idlers loafing about the streets every Sunday. The vast mass of working-men who can not visit the fair without serious inconvenience on week days, will be deprived of the only opportunity they have. But all this is nothing compared with the natural jubilee of the slums, the saloons, and the churches, who one and all will thank God that a supreme chance for their respective occupations will be forthcoming, and let the grease on the machinery at the Exposition take a needed rest. The profits of the trust will be divided equally between the saloons and the churches, while they in turn will doubtless donate freely to the snobs at Washington for giving them an opportunity for enjoyment and business.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## PROTECTIVE DISCLAIMERS.

C. H. MURRAY.

Every now and then we see under glaring headlines the "exposure" of Spiritualism. Some city paper finding a dearth of sensational items, gives an assignment to its conscienceless reporter to go down and raid that spirit medium on Blank Street. The reporter is generally a young man who never refuses such labor. He is at home in writing up all the murders, scandals, divorce cases, and such like. The more lamentable the weakness of human nature displayed in the case the more glowing the headlines. He gets all the filth and sensation possible into print and calls it news. When he is sent to write up and expose a medium, he knows he must make a sensational article. He has little regard for absolute truth.

The latest case of this kind occurred recently at Kansas City, in which one of the city press tried to invalidate the mediumship of Mrs. Maud Lord Drake; and for advertising purposes of the paper succeeded in keeping her in jail all night. I am compelled to say that many of these prosecutions are due to poor management on the part of the mediums themselves. In the first place, visitors to mediums must decide, and be able to decide, between spurious and honest manifestations. Spiritualists can not take upon themselves the burden of suppressing by law all fraudulent mediums, but they can leave them alone and disuade others from patronizing them. There is a class of people that is just as well satisfied with simulated phenomena as with the genuine; just as some people will buy shoddy goods with as much satisfaction as they would the standard. It does not matter much with those persons who simply visit a medium to have "their fortunes told" whether they visit a fakir practicing under the name of Spiritualism or a medium qualified to give them the truth.

Truthful and honest mediums, of any kind of phenomena, if they are discreet, can throw about themselves such protection as will exempt them from legal prosecution. All of them should be provided with cheap printed slips or cards, one of which should be presented to each new visitor with whom they are not acquainted. These should contain a brief disclaimer that will shield the medium against successful prosecution in court. Suppose the phase is independent slate-writing, then the announcement may run like this: "All visitors to my rooms who come to obtain communications or tests through spirit power must make up their own minds as to the genuineness of such tests or the method of obtaining them. I do not assert anything in respect to them, and will not enter into any argument or controversy as to the character of such tests or how they are produced. I do not guarantee anything. I am not able. What you may receive you must submit to your own judgment; and also the method by which it is obtained. After the seance if you believe you have been imposed upon, you are at liberty to so believe. These are the conditions upon which an interview between us is granted by me."

This should have the medium's name attached. The effect of such a notice before any money is paid, is that no one could go into any court and successfully prosecute the psychic for fraud. Under such a notice the Englishman, Lancaster, could never have imprisoned Slade. A slight modification of the above notice could be made to protect a spirit photographer, or any materializing medium. In case of a materializing medium I would append additional matter, stating that any disorder or ruffianism on the premises would be summarily prosecuted. Here I would turn the tables indeed, and after a smart reporter or two were fined they might begin to realize that there was a "double consciousness" in the law. But some will say this will enable impostors to succeed. Certainly it will, just as they succeed in every other place; you will find them in the pulpit and all departments of trade. There is nothing left for us but to be able to discriminate between the true and the false.

## PUBLIC vs. PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

A citizen of Roxbury, Mass., thus speaks of the parochial school:

I was brought up a Roman Catholic and know something about Romanism. As a boy I went to the German parochial school on Shawmut Avenue, Boston, for a short time. In the morning we go to the school-room, form, and march across the street to church, and after mass back again to school, take our seats, say some "holy Mary's," and after that, catechism; then lessons for the morning. In the afternoon more "holy Mary's;" then another feeble attempt at education. Before we go home we are told what the home-lesson in catechism is for the next morning. For failing in this some boys have been taken down cellar by the priest and punished. They make a slight attempt at grammar and geography. They have history, but it is the history of the saints. The lessons are one day English, and the next day German. At the age of thirteen or fourteen years, the examination takes place, which is in catechism mostly. Then we go to "holy communion," and our education is finished.

I have seen scholars come from there at the age of seventeen and eighteen, and they did not know the capital of Massachusetts.

And this is the school that the Roman Catholic Church wants supported out of the public school fund. Should the day ever arrive when the United States adopts the parochial school it will be time for the Pope to come to America and for all liberty-loving men and women to go to Italy.—Boston Investigator.

The Boston Investigator wants to know what has become of the original manuscripts of the four gospels, that are claimed by the Roman Church to be genuine. The Church has saved dozens of pieces of the cross on which Jesus was crucified; a coat he wore; a piece of his grandmother's arm-bone, etc., but not a scrap of a manuscript which would more to prove the claims of the Church true than all other "relics" combined. Will the Church give the "test" asked for? It is now either "put up or shut up!"

## Angels Whisper Words of Consolation to a Sinner.

MRS. CELIA LOUCKS.

"Infinite patience" a still voice whispered to me to-day while I was bending over a tedious and complicated piece of work. The words crept into my consciousness as if a sympathizing friend stood close to me and said them in the voice of mortality.

I have no doubt it was the voice of a spirit, one in sympathy with me and who gladly let me know that however we may not be understood by mortals we are freely understood by our angel friends.

Just who it was I know not, but I was conscious of an unseen being who had been trying for I don't know how long to give me a kindly word of sympathy. "Infinite patience," only two words, but how freighted with meaning, showing they understood the conditions. It is said that "the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." We see able-bodied men and women who write on their banners *Excelsior*, and with flourish of trumpet, so to speak, they try to scale the mountain of success, but before they are over an intervening mole-hill they give it up as a hard job and settle down to enjoyment that takes less work to enjoy. Do such ones recognize the presence of angels? Perhaps not; though with feelings of infinite patience to lead into spiritual knowledge they are ever near.

We can look around us daily and see men and women fighting the battles of life. Many of them are deformed in their physical bodies while others are wasted by disease. They are strong to endure the crosses and losses of this world, not that they choose to do so, but they find no other way. I said to a little girl of about eight years of age who was watching Barnum's street parade: "Are you not going to the show?" "No, ma'am," she answered, "we can not afford it; I never go to the show." She had already learned a lesson for beginners, and accepted it with the grace of a great grandfather who had worn a blind board of self-denial all his days.

I am sure there are many whispering voices which speak to the weary burden-bearers. It is nearly literally true that "walls have ears."

There are eyes that see and ears that hear and natures that comprehend about us every day, that we see not, yet they are with us in the home; they are with the miner in the depths of the earth; they are with the astronomer in his nightly vigil; they are with the little child who perforce because of poverty cuddles her rag baby, made of her mother's big apron, without a spark of envy toward the little girl across the way, who's doll has big, blue, glass eyes and yellow curls, they are with us all, and softly do they whisper good counsel and comforting words. Perhaps you will sense your own name spoken without sound. Perhaps it will be the name of a dear one on the spirit side of life, or a little shining message, any and all sent along on the electric wires of love showing that however we may feel our narrow environments or loneliness, there is a breadth of world about us beyond our earthly ken, from whence shining visitants come to give us cheer.

## NOTES.

In the *Harbinger of Light*, Australian, appears an address by Thomas Carlyle, through the mediumship of Mrs. Harris, which bears internal evidence of its source. Among other good things he says of his much-suffering and abused wife, "Jane is far above me here, because she is purer and was more self-sacrificing." Those who have read of his boorish selfishness and Jane's meek, uncomplaining manners, would not be satisfied if the wife was not "above" him.

Theosophists, and those who believed Madam Blavatsky, not altogether bad, will be pleased that the first anniversary of her death was fittingly celebrated by the Theosophical Society, under the title of "White Lotus" day.

According to the *Harbinger of Light* (Australia) the depression of the times has at last reached the clergy, and there has been a cutting down of high salaries, which has been gracefully submitted to. The excessive salaries of some of our own city ministers might be well dealt with in the same manner, or at least divide with their less fortunate brethren of the cloth.

An International Hispano-American Spiritual Congress, to celebrate the fourth century of the discovery of America, is to be held at Madrid. *La Fraternidad Universal* publishes the program, which, among other questions, mentions the study of Columbus psychologically and the condition of Spiritualism in America.

A good deal of comment and some sharp criticism has been called out by the act of the Bishop of Exeter. He recently confirmed thirty-eight inmates of the western counties idiot Asylum. To his opponents he makes this reply, which, defending and justifying the act, he said: "I have no doubt in my own mind that these imbeciles had sufficient intellect to know what they are doing, and it is known that those who are weak in intellect lean very much more strongly to religion than others. This is one of those outward signs which it has pleased God to bless those whom he has afflicted." This is certainly one of the most candid confessions ever made, and the bishop could not have realized the full significance of his words. It may be true that weak-mindedness is conducive to religious zeal, but it is the last thing a minister of the gospel ought to admit. We do not think it even true, unless it be in the way of tacit admission and submission to superstitious forms and beliefs. True religion demands thoughtfulness, as the confirmation of an idiot is a travesty and a mockery. It is more; it is sacrilege. The scoffing skeptic will laugh at the blunder of the well-meaning bishop, and thrust him through at this vulnerable point with the sharp spear of logic.

## HAS ISLAM A FUTURE?

Ablely discussed in the *Arena* by Thomas P. Hughes. He laments the manner in which Christianity has been introduced to the Moslems, as an English creed carrying with it the vices, arrogance, manners, and style of the British rulers. Still more deplorable the missionaries carried with them dogmatic discussions and perplexed the Moslem mind with their conflicts.

Mohammed stands as high in the estimation of his devotees as Christ with the Christian world, and an attack on his character at once closes the door in the face of the ill-advised missionary. The author says: "Converts from the Islam are, I admit, few." Yet he is hopeful, while every word he utters is a knell to his hopes. Islamism rests on traditions having continuity and evidence equal to Christianity itself. It boasts of a glorious civilization. It is now extending itself with far more rapidity than Christianity. It has a future which the writer thinks is that of an evangel in the "Dark Continent" to prepare the way for the teaching of the Christian missionaries.

What a burning satire is contained in this brief sentence in praise of Islam: "I can not regard Mohammedanism as an unqualified good, but it does not usually take the rum and beer barrel as advance of its missionaries." When ever we can get both the Christian and the Moslem to lay aside the sword, and to enter the arena of calm controversy, it is probable that the Moslem may give back just about as much as he received by enabling the Christians of Western lands to understand the mind of the Oriental Christ.



## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## NOTES FROM MY DIARY OF SEANCES. No. 5.

BY F. P. AINSWORTH.

Among my earliest memories are those of the old family doctor and the minister of the church, who baptised me, and to whom I looked up with the veneration and love of childhood's simplicity. I was accustomed for years to go every morning to the house of the doctor for our family supply of milk, and being next door to ours, we were very familiar with the family. One morning the whole community was shocked by the news that "the beloved physician" of many a home had been found dead upon his own door-step after returning from a night visit to a family several miles distant. He had left his carriage and rang his door bell, but before the door was opened for him to enter, he had passed in "the twinkling of an eye" to that better country where the inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick."

Some years previous to this the minister of the church had been dismissed and removed to a distant State to engage in educational work, and later on returned again to my native town, but not to our parish. During this period, his son, an officer in the army, was killed and his body sent here for interment. Subsequently the family removed again to the eastern part of the State, but the power of early associations was strong upon them, and from time to time they re-visited the scene of their first settlement in this parish. Seldom, if ever, have I known a pastor so long and so securely to retain his interest in a people or to be so greatly beloved and respected by a whole community. The wife and mother, after weary years of suffering and sorrow, passed beyond the veil and her mortality was laid by the side of her soldier son, in the village cemetery. Time passed, and the old minister grew feeble, and as he came from time to time among us, it was my privilege to talk freely and frankly with him concerning the great and ever-present mysteries of the soul and its relations to the seen and unseen.

I had become somewhat doubtful of the teachings of the Church of my childhood, and interested in searching for something more in harmony with my own ideas, and as opportunity offered, acquainted him somewhat with my state of mind and received his confidence and counsel with pleasure and profit. After the loss of my oldest son I wrote him something of my own heart's experience, and received a letter full of sympathetic and kindly advice, and, once more, after my experiences with mediums as already given, acquainted him briefly with the facts.

To this letter I received no reply, and not long after came the news that he had left his home shortly before, and while journeying in a distant State for his health, had been found dead in his room at his hotel, heart-failure being assigned as the trouble. Again the old church doors were opened and its pews filled with a multitude of sorrowing hearts, and the dear old pastor was borne out to rest by the side of his loved companion and their only son. Again the heavens were opened and there passed within the pearly gates one who had long and lovingly trodden the weary journey of life and reached the end of trials and sorrows.

Not long after this event I met for the first time a trance-medium of whom I had never heard until that day. I am as certain as I can be of anything, that he could by no means have known me or anything of my antecedents or history. He complied at once with my request for a seance; and taking my hand, commenced to speak to me in an apparently normal state, but soon passed into the trance and told me where I lived, also describing exactly my home, its surroundings, and location, as well as the route by which he seemed to go there, some ten or twelve miles distant. Then grasping my hand and shaking it heartily, he called me by name, and said he was so glad of the opportunity to speak to me, and in reply to my question as to who he was, said: "Wait awhile and I will tell you!" And continuing, said: "What do you get out of the water?" To this I replied, "I don't understand what you are driving at, and do not know how to reply." "Let me then change the form of the question," said he. "What do you get when you go fishing?" I replied: "Most people get fish, but I was never very lucky in that respect; but why do you ask me this?" "Well," said he, "you have got one now, I am old Doctor Fish!"

"Is it possible?" I said, "I can't understand it, I can't believe it!" "Never mind," he replied, "you never can understand it until you learn it by personal experience as I have, and as all must, but whether you understand it or not, it is true, and I will convince you that it is so. You will know that this medium through whom I am speaking does not know you or anything about you, but I was present at your birth. I have watched you ever since, and have known you more intimately since I passed out of your sight than I ever did before. I have been present with you at an interview with a medium before, but I was not able to take control or give my name, but I caused her to describe me and say that I was a doctor, so that you thought of me, but did not know whether it was I or not." (This had occurred in Boston some months before.) "I have led you from one to another medium on this camp-ground, keeping you from calling upon such as I could not control and bringing you to this one alone."

It was true, I had passed aimlessly around the camp that day and had been half inclined to call on several mediums, but had not sought an appointment with any until I came to this one.

Continuing he said to me: "Do you remember when a child you were tipped out of a little wagon and broke your collar-bone, and your mother brought you to me in her arms and I set? And do you remember the fever through which I attended you after your family had moved from the house in which you were born, to the one where you now live! Do you also remember how I came to my home after making my last visit to that family on the hill, and sank down and was found dead upon my own door-step?"

Acknowledging that I did remember all these things, he said: "Are you then convinced that I am old Doctor Fish?" "I suppose I must be," I replied, "I am sure I didn't know what else to think, for certainly this medium could not know these things."

Much more he said to me which I do not just now recall! At length I asked him if there were not others present who could control the medium and speak to me as he had done, to which he answered that there were others present, but it had been mutually agreed upon that he should be the only one to control at that time, as it would not be advisable that others should try to control, for they would be in danger of too greatly exhausting the vital forces of the medium who was not strong then.

"Is Mr. Cook present?" I asked. This was the name of the old minister to which I have referred at length in my introductory paragraphs, but I did not speak his first name. "Cook," he said, "George Cook; yes, he is right behind me, but is so overcome by his emotions at this meeting, and so filled with amazement to find the realities of this life so utterly different from what he had supposed or believed them to be, that he can not sufficiently command his thoughts to express to you through me, what he desires. He, however, wishes me to say this: He speaks of a letter which you wrote him not long before he passed out, and which he never answered, and he wants to say that he is glad to find you were so

near to an understanding of the real truths in relation to these matters of which you wrote, while he at that time feared you were not. He hopes to be able at some future time to communicate with you further, but can not now. This was substantially all that occurred at this interview. Was it mind-reading? or what?

Not long after I met a celebrated writing medium whom I had never seen before. He gave me a sheet of paper about one-half yard long and requested me to write at the top the name of some friend in spirit and question him as I might wish, then to fold or roll the end written upon several times over and securely fasten it with mastic. I did so, and when sealed passed the sheet to him, and as he wrote thereon I made ready a second sheet in the same manner which I gave him after he had written on the first one.

Holding it a short time under his left hand, he said: "I feel no influence from this one. I fear he can not control me to write. They tell me he was a feeble old man and has only been in spirit life a short time, and has not the power of control or does not understand how to exercise it if he has. Will you come and sit close to me and place your knees in contact with mine with one hand on my shoulder and the other on the paper as it lies on the table under my other hand?"

Complying with this request he soon commenced to write in some sort of short-hand characters, but soon changed to ordinary writing closing, by writing the name in capital letters, commencing with the last letter of the last name and ending with the first letter of the first name. That the names and questions written by me were securely sealed, so as to be invisible to the medium, seems as certain as most things of which the senses assure us. If he unsealed and read my names and questions so slyly that I could not see him do it and resealed them again in my presence, how did he know the facts which are stated or implied in the letters he wrote for me, copies of which I give below, he never having seen or heard of me before? Mind-reading perhaps? With these letters and questions I close this article with no attempt at further argument, leaving each reader to draw such conclusions from the facts as his own logical reasonings may compel him to accept.

QUESTION. Uncle Charles Ainsworth: Please explain more fully your meaning in your former message in which you refer to the development of my spiritual gifts. What are they and how may they be best developed? Yours truly, F.

ANSWER. My Dear F. and Charge: I am pleased to meet you calling upon me again, although I am not able to give you much in addition to that given you through Mr. W. Will say in short that all that I gave you at that time will be fulfilled to the letter. You are undergoing a development which although not rapid, yet it is sure, and in proper time will show itself in a marked way; so much so, you will not fail to recognize the change and the influence of those who surround you and have you in charge. Your mediumship is compound. In the first place, you can and do write impressively. You have also healing powers which I would advise you to have but little to do with as it would exhaust your own vital forces faster than you could well spare them. Avoid as far as possible all spiced foods or indulging in any narcotics whatever. We are with you and you need not fear.

CHARLES AINSWORTH.

The second question and its reply were as follows:

To George Cook. My Dear Friend: Please say anything you desire and are able to assist me, and oblige your son in the truth, F.

When the medium commenced to write he said: "This influence appears to be from your father." "No," I said, "it is not, my father is in the mortal." "Why, then, does he say 'my son'?" he inquired. I replied: "No matter now, I understand it, and will explain latter on, please write whatever may come to you." This was while he was writing in short-hand characters. He proceeded then to write as follows:

Thanks, doubly thanks, my dear son, for the assurance I have that you give me a place in your heart's memory. I did say I would talk with you, but I fear my control is too feeble to say all I would. I see clearly you have a mission before you, which, if fulfilled, will cause the world to acknowledge you its benefactor, and as all depends upon your willingness to fulfill that mission, I had a desire to say how important it is that you heed the up-welling of your own soul irrespective of what the world of would-be wise may say. Ainsworth is of the band that has you in charge.

GEORGE COOK.

Are there not still, as of old, ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them which are heirs of salvation? And what salvation can be more to be desired than that which redeems man's life from the fear of death, and sets him free from his bondage to mediæval theology, illuminating the valley of the shadow of death through which he may walk calmly and fear no evil; and knowing of a surety that he shall find in the great beyond all the loved ones who have preceded him into the higher life, and are "alive forever more."

Alas or him who never sees  
The sunshine through his cypress trees,  
Who hath not learned in hours of pain  
That truth to flesh and sense unknown:  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own.

## HYPNOTISM.

We owe our earliest knowledge of hypnotism to those same wise men of the East, the Hindoos, to whom we owe our language, our religion, our philosophy and our Oriental rugs, as well as cholera and the opium habit. Who first in that land of dreams and dirt made use of hypnotic passes to put his fellow-men into involuntary sleep is as obscure a personage in history as the discoverer of the oyster, and as unimportant for, while we enjoy all the material advantages of the discoveries of these unknown heroes of invention, we are not obliged to consider the claims of envious contestants every year, as we have to do in the case of the invention of the telephone and the discovery of America.

Hypnotism does not directly concern us as regards its history until the time of its invasion of western Europe, a little more than a century ago. It arrived there as mysteriously as a cholera germ, and when Dr. Mesmer, the Swiss enthusiast took it to Paris, it rose into popular favor as quickly as the Montgolfier balloons, then the sensation of the hour in the French capital. With this Dr. Mesmer it will be profitable for the readers in quest of the occult to become well acquainted, for the painful fact must be recorded that although we are a hundred years older in learning than he was, except for a few minor points that our scientists have cleared up for us we know but little more of this mysterious power than he taught the beauty and fashion of Paris who sat about the tub of water in his room and, rod in hand, received the mesmeric influence. All Paris flocked to the Herr Doctor's drawing-room, until in alarm the Academy of Scientists, our own Dr. Franklin, of kite fame, among them, drove him out of France. But the disease remained behind uncured, and the fair philosophes, not yet diverted from amusement by the Revolution, gathered surreptitiously to perform the experiments which we now dignify with the patronage of societies like the "International Congress of Psychological Experimentation," and other associations bearing names of learned length and thunderous sound, such as would have delighted Dr. Johnson, with his weakness for polysyllables.—*New York World*.

Hundreds of the most pronounced Catholics are employed to teach Protestant children in the public schools, without one word of complaint from Protestants. Will the good priests mention an instance where Protestant teachers could be employed to teach Catholic children in their parochial schools or their colleges, without protest?—*Exchange*.

## Miscellaneous Articles

## CATHOLICS CAPTURING AMERICAN CITIES.

Sir: When in 1852 it became evident that my plans of forming a colony of French Canadians on the fertile plains of Illinois was to be a success, D'Arcy McGee, then editor of the *Freeman's Journal* the official paper of the Bishop of New York, wrote me to know my views, and he determined immediately to put himself at the head of a similar enterprise in favor of the Irish Roman Catholics. He published long and able articles to show how the Irish people, with few exceptions, were demoralized and kept down in the cities, and how they would soon be raised to the top if they could be induced to exchange city grog shops and saloons for the rich lands of the West. Through his influence a large assembly, principally composed of Irish priests, to which I was invited, met at Buffalo in the spring of 1853. But what was his disappointment when he saw that the greatest part of these priests were sent by the bishops of New York, Albany, Boston, etc., to oppose and defeat his plans! He vainly spoke with the most burning eloquence for the support of his pet scheme. The majority of the priests coldly answered him in the name of their bishops: "We are determined, like you, to take possession of the United States and rule them; but we can not do that except by acting secretly, and by using the utmost wisdom. If our plans were known they would certainly be defeated. What does a skillful general do when he wants to conquer a country? Does he scatter his soldiers over the farm lands and spend their time and energies in plowing the fields and sowing the grain? No. He keeps them well united around his banners, and marches at their head to the conquest of the strongholds. He subdues the large cities one after the other; he pulls down the high towers and the citadels which he meets on his way. Then the farming countries are conquered and become the price of his victory without moving a finger. So it is with us. Silently and patiently we must mass our Irish Roman Catholics in the great cities of the United States. Let us remember that in this country the vote of one of our poorest journeymen, covered with rags, has as much weight in the scale of power as the vote of the millionaire Astor, and that if we have two votes against the millionaire's one, he becomes as powerless as an oyster. Then let us multiply our voters, let us call on poor but faithful Irish Catholics, and gather them from the far corners of the world into the very hearts of those proud citadels which the Yankees are so proudly building up under the name of New York, Boston, Chicago, Albany, Buffalo, Troy, etc. Under the shadows of those great cities the Americans consider themselves as a giant and an unconquerable race. They look upon the Irish Catholic with the utmost contempt, as only fit to dig their canals, sweep their streets, or humbly cook their meals in their kitchen. Let no one awake these sleeping lions to-day; let us pray God that they may sleep and dream their sweet dreams a few years more. How sad will be their awakening when, with our outnumbering votes, we will turn them out, and forever, from ever position of power, honor, and profit! What will these hypocrite sons and daughters of the fanatical Pilgrim Fathers say when not a single judge, not a single school-teacher, not even a single policeman will be elected if he be not a devoted Irish Catholic? What will those called giants think and say of their unsurpassed ability, skill, and shrewdness when not a single governor, senator, or member of Congress will be elected if he be not sincerely devoted to our Holy Father, the Pope?"

"What a sad figure those Protestant Yankees will cut when we will not only elect the President, but fill and command the armies, man the navy, and have the key of the public treasury in our hands! It will then be the time for our devoted Irish Catholics to give up their grog-shops to become the governors and judges of the land. Then our poor and humble Irish mechanics will come out from the damp ditches and the canals to rule the cities in all their departments, from the stately mansion of mayor to the more humble, though not less noble, position of school-teacher. Then, yes, we will rule the United States, and lay them at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that he may put an end to their godless system of education, and sweep away those impious laws of liberty of conscience which are an insult to God and man." Poor D'Arcy McGee was left almost alone when the vote was taken.

From that time the Roman Catholic priests, with the most admirable ability, have massed their Irish legions into the great cities of the United States, and the Americans must be very blind, indeed, if they do not see that the day is very near when the Jesuits will rule their cities, from the magnificent White House of Washington to the humblest civil or military departments of this vast Republic. They are already the masters of New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and San Francisco, the great, the beautiful Queen of the West—San Francisco is in the hands of the Jesuits.

From the very first days of the discovery of the gold mines of California, the Jesuits conceived the hope of becoming the masters of those inexhaustible treasures, and they laid their plans with the most admirable wisdom. They soon saw that the immense majority of the lucky miners of every creed and nation were going back home as soon as they had enough to secure an honorable position to their families. It became at first evident that very few of the multitudes which the thirst of gold had attracted from every corner of the United States and Canada and Europe to California would settle in a country where, from a thousand causes, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for a number of years to find a room for an honest woman, and raise a Christian family. It is a well-known fact that San Francisco—overcrowded with Americans, French, English, Germans, Canadians—had thousands of adventurers and gold-seekers against a dozen of men who had any idea of fixing themselves on her soil, and becoming her citizens. The shrewd Jesuits did not take many days to see that if they could persuade the Irish Roman Catholics to choose San Francisco for their homes, they would soon be the masters and the only rulers of that golden city whose future was so bright and so great, and that scheme, worked night and day with the utmost perseverance and ability, has been crowned with perfect success. When, with few exceptions, the lucky Frenchman, who had made himself rich in San Francisco, was going back to his "Belle France," and the intelligent German, the industrious Scotchman, the shrewd New Yorker, the honest Canadian, had found gold enough to live comfortably, they gladly bid an eternal farewell to San Francisco, and went back to enjoy their fortune in their own dear old home. But the Irish Roman Catholics were taught to consider San Francisco as their "promised land," and the rich inheritance God had in store for them.

The consequence is, that when you find only a few American, German, and English millionaires in San Francisco, you count more than fifty Irish Catholic millionaires in that city.

The richest bank of San Francisco—the Nevada Bank—is in the hands of the Irish Catholics. All the street railroads of the city belong to the Irish Roman Catholics. The principal offices of the city are filled with the Irish Roman Catholics. Almost all the policemen are Irish Roman Catholics. Almost all the voluntary military associations are composed of Irish Roman Catholics. The compact unity of the Irish Roman Catholics, with the enormous wealth, makes them almost supreme masters of the mines of California and Nevada.

When no one knows the absolute and abject submission of

the Irish, Roman Catholic, rich or poor, to his priests, how the mind, the will, the soul and the intelligence of the Irish are firmly, irrevocably tied to the feet of the priests, he can see at a glance that the Jesuits of California form one of the richest and most powerful corporations the world has ever seen.

It is a public fact that those fifty Irish Catholic millionaires, with their myriads of rich employees, are, through their wives as well as by themselves, constantly at the feet of the Jesuits, who here, more than in any other place, really swim in a golden sea.

No man, if he be not a Roman Catholic, or if he be not one of those so-called Protestants who send their daughters to the nuns and their sons to the Jesuits for their education, need hope to have any lucrative or honorable position in San Francisco.

Entirely given up to quenching their thirst for gold, the Americans of San Francisco, with very few exceptions, do not give a single moment's attention to this dark cloud which is rising here at the horizon of their country. Though it is visible to every eye that that cloud is filled with rivers of blood and tears, they let the cloud grow and rise, without even caring how to escape the impending hurricane. It does not take a long residence in San Francisco to see that the Jesuits have chosen that city for their citadel on this continent. Their incalculable treasures give them a power which we may call irresistible in a country and in days where gold is everything to everyone. It is to San Francisco that you must come to have an idea of the number of great and powerful organizations with which the Church of Rome is preparing herself for the impending conflict, through which she hopes to destroy the system of education, and every vestige of liberty and human rights in the United States, as she bravely and publicly announced it not long ago in her most popular organs, the *Catholic World*, of New York, and the *Catholic Review*.

The Catholic Church numbers one-third the American population, and if its membership shall increase for the next thirty years as it has for the thirty past, in 1900 Rome will have a majority, and be bound to this country and keep it. There is, ere long, to be a State religion in this country, and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic. The Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Roman Catholic ascendancy in this country. All legislation must be governed by the will of God, unerringly indicated by the Pope. Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities; and under education the opinions of the individual and the utterances of the press are included. Many opinions are to be furnished by the secular arm, under the authority of the Church, even to war and bloodshed.—*Catholic World*.

While a State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the superior authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Church. Protestantism of every form has not and never can have any right where Catholicity has triumphed and therefore we lose the breath we spend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance and in favor of religious liberty, or the right of any man to be of any religion as best pleases him.—*Catholic Review*.

In order to more easily drill the Irish Catholics, and prepare them for the impending conflict, the Jesuits have organized them into a great number of secret societies, the principal of which are: First, Ancient Order of Hibernians; second, Irish American Society; third, Knights of St. Patrick; fourth, St. Patrick's Cadets; fifth, Apostles of Liberty; sixth, Benevolent Sons of the Emerald Isle; seventh, Knights of St. Peter; eighth, Knights of the Red Branch; ninth, Knights of Columbkille.

Almost all these secret associations are military ones; they have their headquarters in San Francisco, but their rank and file are scattered all over the United States, from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean. They number 700,000 soldiers, who, under the name of United States Volunteer Militia, are offered by the most skillful and able generals of the great Republic; for it is a fact to which Americans do not pay sufficient attention, that the Jesuits have been shrewd enough to have a vast majority of Roman Catholic officers and generals to command the armies and man the navy of the United States.

Who will be able to stand against a power which will be supported by 700,000 soldiers well drilled, armed with the best modern arms, officered by the most skillful military men of the United States, and whose treasurers will not only have the key of the treasury of this great country, but will be, in a great part, the masters of the untold millions dug out from or yet concealed in the inexhaustible gold and silver mines of California and Nevada?

And that you may know the Christian feelings of the Jesuit priests of San Francisco, Canada, and the whole world, toward England and her sons and daughters, read the following extract from the address of Father Rooney, last St. Patrick's Day:

"Irish Catholics: Trust your priests as you ever have as a nation, and when the propitious moment comes to settle accounts with brutal old England, the murderer of your priests and forefathers, the merciless despoilers of your sanctuaries, the pilferers of your possessions, and the starver of your people, those priests will bless the sword that you may use, that it may cut more keenly; the bullet, that it may perforate more deeply; and your hands, that they may wield the weapon more powerfully; and your nerves, that you may the more steadily avenge your injured mother and your noble ancestors. Never trust an enemy that has deceived us as often as England, and violated every treaty made with us. You need expect nothing from her except through the canon's roar, the whizzing bullet, and the flashing scimitar! But let us be sure we are well prepared and ready for the fray."—*C. Chiniy, in Montreal Weekly Witness*.

## "PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS."

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Having received several letters of late, complaining that I am harsh in my defense of demonstrative mediums, I would say that when our lecturers on the rostrums deal tenderly with these mediums and their avocations, only words of love and joy shall flow from my pen, concerning our lecturers. I call a truce, and hold out the olive branch to all who feel hurt, and say do not decry our Indian camp fires and our mediumship, and you will hear nothing but words of love and kindness from the pen of your brother, J. W. DENNIS.

After speaking briefly of the great growth of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Johnston in a sermon in Calvary Church, New York, went on to argue that his church could with truth proclaim itself to be a national church, in the sense that it recognized no section, race, or condition.

"I know that this statement will be contradicted by the Church of Rome," he said, "but I deny that it is in any sense either an American church or a church for Americans. It is distinctively a foreign church, ruled by a foreign autocrat, believed to be infallible by his followers, who can dictate the policy of his church to his partisans and they dare not, upon penalty of purgatory, the keys of which they believe he keeps, disobey his mandates. He pulls the strings at Rome, and his puppets jump in America. When Rome speaks that settles all questions so far as the faithful to Rome in America are concerned."

"Jesuitism, which is the ruling power of Romanism, has never failed to meddle in politics whenever it has been allowed to get a footing. It has had to be expelled again and again, for what else can a self-respecting nation do with a set of officious foreign ecclesiastics who undertake to dictate not only what their own dupes must do, but also how affairs of government must be run."



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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

First Page. F. P. Ainsworth. A Story Beginning at Marriage, by Hudson Tattle.  
The Absurdities of Materialistic Theories of Evolution, J. Rodes Buchanan.  
If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again? F. H. Imitia.  
Second Page. Impossibility of words and ideas, Hudson Tattle.  
Memory, M. Theresa Allen.  
The Uncertainty of Opinion, J. Wright.  
Sensational Sabotage, Willard J. Hull.  
Protective Disclaimers, C. H. Murray.  
Public vs. Parochial Schools.  
Angels Whisper Words of Consolation to a Sister, Celia Loucks.  
Notes by the Editor.  
Has Islam a Future?  
Third Page. Notes from My Diary of Seances.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The present is an age of unrest. The very foundations of thought are disturbed, and beliefs considered invaluable, and as fixed as truth itself, are called in question, arraigned before the tribunal of reason, and made to answer for the reason of their being. The real origin of the reformation was in the realms of science. The annunciation of the Doctrine of Evolution set the mental world in commotion. It rested not until it had disorganized and reorganized the nomenclature of all the sciences. The religious and social worlds sympathized in this movement. History had a new reading, and it was found that the poor, despised, grovelling, sinful man of theology, a God-cursed worm of the dust, without a ray of goodness in him, depraved by nature from conception, this man of theology was found to be a glorious creation, truly after the pattern of the divine mind, and capable of infinite progress.

It was a wonderful, a sublime revelation. It came with the full flood-tide of the achievements of the century. It was its perfecting fruitage. Then, amid the glorious possibilities of this being, came like a crown, proclaiming him king, a knowledge that he was more than the material of which his body was formed. That he was everything more, for as a spirit he was allied to the universal spirit and power of the universe. He was its individualization, and the future life was a continuity of physical existence. Then it was the grave gave up its dead, and the hosts of heaven shouted for great joy: "Oh, grave! where is thy victory? Oh, death! where is thy sting?"

It was the fullness of time for the knowledge to come, for skepticism of science had reached even the teachers of religion, and doubt was more fashionable than belief. The priest sneered, and the philosopher pitied the weakness which accepted the idea of ghostly visitants, and the rap was referred to anything from mythical Satan to the toe-joints of the medium rather than its true source. Materialism dominated, and belief in unseen powers was sneered at as a weakness. The reaction came with the first rap which echoed from the thin doorway which separates the world of spirits from the world of men. That rap overthrew the towering castles of Materialism. That rap summoned the thinkers to the task of writing the Science of Man, physical, moral, social, intellectual, spiritual anew. It made obsolete all that had been written. That rap, as tiny as the sound of a falling drop of water, has echoed around the world, and to all men taught the same momentous lesson.

Man is not immortal because of his belief, his acceptance of this or that creed, but by inheritance. Immortality is his birthright.

Here Spiritualism has brought us; to this high promontory overlooking the universe of causes. All science, all philosophy is subservient. The origins of the great religious streams are revealed, and the gates of the future swung open wide, revealing our destiny.

Our weary souls are comforted by the soft whispers of our departed friends; but Spiritualism has more significance than that. A glorious heritage truly is ours, but its enjoyment comes only by our own exertions to gain its knowledge and understanding.

## CHARITY OUT OF PLACE.

Apologists for moral turpitude are never wanting, and the air is constantly filled with the yawping of "strong-minded" men and women, who imagine that the test of moral strength lies in the impunity with which they can handle filth. These people know that the spiritual rostrum is disgraced here and there by a vampire, whose characteristics oscillate between a sort of Falstaff proclivity and Uriah Heep hypocrisy, but no sign is given that the influence is at all objectionable. On the other hand there are a few lukewarm souls who feebly protest against the matter, and denounce in a weak-kneed fashion the contumacious effrontery of the aforesaid barnacles. But it is invariably done behind closed doors and under some pseudonym designed to screen the denunciator. They argue that a platform worker's private character is not for them to criticize and the disgust which fills the minds of decent people sooner or later amply illustrates their pernicious notion. Then when public indignation has run high enough to compel them to heed it they dodge behind somebody and yawn about the Augean stables calling upon the press and the better sense of the people to clean them out. Mountebanks and the various other paltrons who infest the ranks and the rostrum would soon be without an occupation if societies would cease to hire them. Not one of them dare take an independent platform, knowing that in the blaze of public criticism they would starve in a month. But under cover of some obscure society whose managers vouch for them they parade their vacuity, hoodwink the credulous and rake in the shillings.

Speaking upon this matter, the *Banner of Light* says: "Now who is really to blame, if parties speak upon the rostrum? Certainly not the spiritual papers! The *Banner*, for instance, can not undertake to set itself up in judgment in

these matters. As long as what we regard as reputable Spiritualist societies are found willing to hire these particular workers (ministering thereby to the wonder-seeking element—the taste for the sensational—with the desire for that which will "draw" a full house), and thus keep such parties before the public, we certainly can not be expected to personally decide." This was given in answer to requests that the paper denounce the same.

We cordially endorse these words of our venerable contemporary and look for a change in the temper with which these matters are regarded. Nothing herein applies, even in the most distant respect, to the genuine medium. This paper is emphatically the friend of all true mediums and no fear need be anticipated that their interest and their work will not receive its due recognition and esteem.

## MORE HERESY!

Every now and then the mountain of piety belches forth and the world is startled by the anathemas hurled at some new heretic. The saints who feed the fires of the old volcano don't know anything about God, of course, and yet they are continually exploding their rhetorical thunder upon the virtues of his character, and legislating upon his attribute for the benefit of the herd down in the valleys. It is the old story of Moses and the Israelites. The latest explosion is the fulminations against Prof. Henry P. Smith, of Lane Seminary. This gentleman has concluded that his own mind is of more consequence to him than the adulations of his contemporaries, and therefore he is pronounced a heretic. He denies the inspiration of holy writ. He even dares to venture the opinion that the Old and New Testaments are full of error. He is audacious enough to think that a Being who would create those who only suffer for his glory can not be much of a God. And so the slugs of vituperation, slander, and contempt must be hurled at him. He has simply made a mistake, which has always been the exasperation of theologians, viz.: that of making himself understood. The accusation against him contains three charges, with numerous specifications, which, to read, carries me back into the spirit which prompted "Holy Mary" to burn Rogers, Craumar, and Latimer.

It seems preposterous that in this enlightened age such a series of charges should be leveled against an American. But if the Cincinnati Presbytery effectuates its purposes and drives Dr. Smith out of the Church, it will have performed some part of a true course. Let us hope that no whitewash may smear over the case like that of Dr. Briggs, and that the world may know that some little consistency is left in the Presbyterian Church. If these charges are true, the Church is no place for Dr. Smith. He belongs amongst the confraternity of souls who are trying to uplift humanity along the lines of rational and legitimate philosophy. When the fossils, who have charged him with heresy, conclude to draw off the pestiferous annoyances so common in Church councils of this character will cease, and the moral and spiritual sense of the community no longer shocked by the proclivity of the godly.

## SPIRITUALISM IN PALACES.

*El Delirio*, a journal hostile to Spiritualism, contains an article on "Politics and Spiritualism," which shows what a wonderful hold the cause has gained among the rulers of Europe. The following is a brief extract:

"In Russia all the Court affects Spiritualism. The imperial family frequently gives itself up to the experiments of mediums. The Czar declares himself completely convinced. In Court circles table-turning is resorted to, and spirits are questioned by a great variety of methods. It is an open secret that the Czar himself and the Grand Dukes submit themselves to the counsels and directions of the spirits in serious political emergencies. It further appears that the Czar is favored with frequent and characteristic communications, the elevated character of which has arrested his serious attention, and inspired him with a great interest in the subject.

"During the reign of the Emperor William in Germany, he was much occupied with Spiritualism, both in Potsdam and Berlin. It will be remembered that the Emperor believed himself to be in continual communication with the tutelary genii of the German nation. During the short reign of the Emperor Frederick, Spiritualism still continued to be much in vogue.

"Queen Victoria, who has preserved a species of worship for the memory of the Prince Consort, has been for some time engaged in collecting into a volume the communications which she professes to have received from her deceased husband. She always consults him when great political questions are at stake, and pretends that his advice is of inestimable value.

"For the rest, the whole of the English aristocracy is manifestly inclined towards psychical investigations; and to cite one prominent example, it is well known that Lord Lytton, the British Ambassador in Paris, who died recently, was a confirmed Spiritualist."

## CAHENSLEYISM.

It would be supposed that the best interests of the foreigner and his family, when they land on the shores of the United States, with the expressed purpose of remaining and making it their home, would be complete absorption into the nation. Certainly this absorption is best for the nation, and only by it can national unity be preserved. But a great many Catholic leaders do not think this advisable, for it leads to a disregard of the Holy Church. The better the citizen, the worse the Catholic. The leader in the growing movement is Herr Cahensly, a foreigner, of course, who is determined that the foreign element shall remain apart, isolated, and distinct. His first move was to have the Pope appoint foreign bishops, and the second was to assail the public school system, for, he argued, logically too, that if the schools and the people are in the hands of foreign teachers and priests they will remain foreign and uncontaminated with the free ideas of the American, and the position, interests, and power of the Church be secure. While he has a strong following, it would be unjust to say that he has no opponents. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland oppose the movement. They hold that new-comers must conform to the American idea, and regard the isolation of the incoming foreign element as disadvantageous rather than advantageous to the Church. They believe that the Church, having withstood the storms and buffetings of 1,800 years, is equal to any emergency which may arise. Meantime the Cahensly party are in earnest, and are holding meetings where extreme views are expressed of "sickly nationalism which subordinates the interests of the Church to those of the State."

## REASON ASSERTING ITSELF.

The blatant hypocrisy, which has temporarily succeeded in foisting the senile proclivity of the godly patriarchs into the nostrils of decent people, in the action of closing the World's Fair on Sunday, is in a fair way of receiving its just deserts. We do not believe that the magnanimity of the American people has become stupefied sufficiently to allow such a reproach to exist without, at least, a protest against it, and to the end the press, or that portion of it not wholly subsidized by the powers of mammon, is exerting its influence in behalf of an open Sunday. Petitions are being circulated, asking representatives in Congress to repeal the obnoxious

stipulation, and it is to be hoped that time will not drag in the work.

Every Spiritualist and Free-Thinker ought to put himself and himself on record against the movement of the pious sharks, who assume to dictate to the world how it shall spend Sunday. The Wisconsin Unitarian Conference, which has recently been held in Milwaukee, adopted resolutions declaring in favor of opening the Fair on Sunday, and it might be well for spiritual societies throughout the country to take a similar action. It must be conceded, and gladly so, that the better element in the Churches repudiates the movement, and deprecates the success which thus far has attended the "sweet lambs" in their efforts to legislate morals and piety into the people by having the Fair closed on Sunday. The picture of Mrs. Partington mopping up the Atlantic Ocean, is the only comparison to be made with this latest attempt to eradicate that which is regarded as bad morals by a set of self-assumed pietists, and the recourse to legislation to help do the work.

## THE PRESS.

Never were more vital truths expressed than the following from the address of Dr. O. F. Presbrey before the National Teachers Association of Saratoga:

"The press is the most influential text-book of the age, and in the home, which is the Nation's great university, there is none so wide in its scope of instruction and so potential in shaping and molding public opinion, because it gathers the thoughts of the world, and photographs its current events, and discusses all questions growing out of and dependent upon their occurrence. Is it not time to break down the barriers which now prevent the scholars in our schools and colleges from studying, with a keen intellectual relish, all these great questions so closely connected with our National life not only, but with the marvelous progress and material advancement of the whole world? This great army of students in our schools and colleges should be kept in close touch with all current events during their entire course of study, that they may leave the school-room and enter upon their life work with opinions that have been formed by the fullest discussion of all sides and views of every controverted question. What our Nation needs in this, our four hundredth anniversary of its discovery, is that its citizens should be fully educated and equipped to meet the great problems that are constantly arising, in such a way that the work done by the founders of this Republic shall become more and more magnified, so that our country shall occupy the highest position among the nations of the earth.

## THE FARIBAUT PLAN A FAILURE.

The chemical affinity between Romanism and our public school system, under the so-called Faribault plan, is now conceded to be of no particular value. We knew this well enough when it was inaugurated, and said so. Failure was the integral element, and it is well. The picture of cowed females, with jingling strings of beads and crosses, together with an admixture of ignorance and stupid piety on their faces, parading the aisles of a public school, is of itself sufficient to determine its true place in the Americanisms of our country. The old school-master and his withe, is better than the cowed nun and her beads. Let us have the two kept apart, and the more widely separated the better. The Romish system of educating the young is not at all in harmony with the principle of public instruction as laid down in our constitutional provisions. Every time a parochial school is built, an added wedge is thrust between the people and their schools.

LEO XIII, by the grace of popedom, granted a dispensation whereby Catholics might eat meat Friday, the 21st, and Victoria Woodhull Martin has consented to make the United States her home if elected to the Presidency in November. These are the two latest afflictions imposed on the American people. No further comment is required.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH)

## LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

ABBIE F. WATKINS.

John Ruskin writes: "What is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature—the resurrection of nature from its winter grave, nor the emancipation of the butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of the risen dead, for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No, the life of the spirit is the evidence, heaven begun is the living proof that makes heaven to come credible. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection within him already."

To Theodore Tilton, as to many others, the veil between this world and the spirit world, was very thin, and he could look beyond and see the wonderful completeness of life.

"Oh! What a wondrous life is ours  
To dwell within this earthly range.  
Yet partly with the heavenly powers  
Two worlds in interchange."

Oh, balm of grief! To understand  
That those our eyes behold no more,  
Still clasp us with as true a hand,  
As in the flesh before."

"Life," according to Alexander MacLaren, "is life forever. To be eternal being. Every man that has died is at this instant in full possession of all his faculties, in the intensest exercise of all his capacities, standing somewhere in God's great universe, ringed with a sense of God's presence, in feeling in every fiber of his being that life which comes after death is not less real, but more real; not less great, but more great, not less full or intense, but more full and intense, than the mingled life which, lived here on earth, was a centre of life surrounded with a crust and circumference of mortality. The dead are the living. They lived while they died, and after they died they live on forever."

That great Churchman, Cannon Farrar, says that the greatest lessons Jesus came to teach were the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind. Gail Hamilton criticizes the fatherhood of God thus:

No monster of cruelty was ever dreamed of so monstrous as the Creator who could create this world and not continue it; create human beings with possibilities of accomplishment, with suggestions of happiness and dash the cup from their lips while yet it is scarcely more than tasted. Even as it is, one would think the Creator of the world to be the most unhappy as He is the most powerful of all the beings in it. It requires more omniscience than the imagination can conceive to reconcile omnipotence with happiness. That a God should be obliged to make a world, yet could not make a better one; that He should be able to create this marvelous human being, yet had to make him under such limitations that misery is his common draught and terror, and his death inevitable doom. Oh! this drama demands an infinitely wider stage than earth, and infinitely longer sweep than time to prevent its being a terribly tragic farce, to construct into a lofty worthy rendering of almighty love and power!

Of a surety, there is implanted in the breast of every created being the desire for immortality, and to me one of the surest proofs of continued and continual existence lies in the fact that there is no want of man's nature, no desire whether sensual or spiritual but nature provides a way for its gratification, and surely this one most intense of all desires, the

holiest and purest of our better self will not remain unfulfilled. Still, although all thoughts, all desires, all impatience of monotony, all weariness of even the best things show a progressive development, are but a sign of the eternity of our spiritual natures the real evidence is much better than we have grounds for, is too subtle to be expressed in words, or stated with mathematical exactness. For in the deepest wells of our inmost souls, though we may pretend to disbelieve all evidence, we know that though a man die yet shall he live. Life is eternal and progressive. Nothing good ever dies or stands still, the evil retrogrades, the good advances. Life of whatever kind constantly changes its form from lower to higher, and though the form may alter the influence still lives, and the lives of all the great minds of all the ages exist to-day in the lives of ourselves and those around us.

## THE CAUSE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

I herewith enclose you a copy of the formulated statement of the recently organized body of men and women in this city, who have associated themselves together for the purpose of individual and collective growth in spiritual matters.

Declaration of Principles of the Seekers After Spiritual Truth at Washington, D. C.

Believing—1st. That a Beneficent Power and Wise Intelligence pervades and controls the universe, sustaining towards all human beings the intimate relations of parent, whose revelation is nature, whose interpreter is science, and whose most acceptable worship is doing good to all.

2d. That all truth is sacred and its authority absolute to the individual that apprehends it, but that while one may aid another in the perception of truth and duty, no one can determine for another what is truth and duty; hence that each human being must believe and act upon individual responsibility.

3d. That all action, according to its quality, results in suffering or in joy by the operation of inherent laws, physical and spiritual.

4th. That all human beings are destined to a continued individual existence in the future state, for which the experiences and attainments of the present life are preparatory; and hence that it is the duty of all to perfect themselves in knowledge, wisdom, and love, by making a right use of all the means obtainable for developing completeness and beauty of character, for aid in which, divine inspiration, and angelic ministrations, and spiritual gifts, are ever available to mankind.

5th. That realized communion with those who have gone before us to the spirit world is practicable under suitable conditions, and is a privilege of high value to those who use it wisely.

6th. That the human race is one family or brotherhood, whose interests are forever inseparable; hence that it is the duty of each individual not only to refrain from whatever would wound or harm another, but also to live for the good of all, seeking especially to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant, the inharmonious, and the suffering of whatever race or condition.

7th. Believing, also, that the achievement of true lives and a nobler civilization can better be attained by associative and co-operative than by merely individual action, we therefore agree to unite our efforts for the practical application of these convictions.

Attending the meeting of these Seekers After Spiritual Truth recently at their new and commodious hall on G Street, N. W., I voluntarily act the part of the scribe and try to report that this organization represents a live body of men and women, who, not finding in the Church of to-day the spiritual satisfaction that they crave, have associated themselves together for practical and spiritual ends, and are now holding meetings in an independent, orderly manner, with the best success.

It seems that this evening was exactly four months since the organization took upon itself form and comeliness. It then numbered less than twenty. It now has one hundred and sixty-nine members—a very handsome increase. It has no debt, and it has a respectable sum in the treasury. All through the hot weather, and it was hot, they maintained their meetings, which are free, no fee being taken at the door.

They are now about starting a Sunday-school, and have sent out an urgent request for all friends interested in the movement to send to this school all those unfortunate little ones who feel too poor to be seen at the ordinary Sunday-school. They intend that this be a work of deeds as well as words. Dr. George Dutton, dean of the American Health University, the eminent medical teacher, of Boston, occupied the platform, and read a most thoughtful paper on "The Principles of Government," which was replete with political observations and weighty with suggestions of philosophic wisdom. Starting with man's origin, which is repeated in the birth of every child, he comprehensively pictured the rise and fall of many ancient commercial and social centers, which sought to perpetuate their career through cupidity, selfishness, and superstition, contrary to those basic principles of morality, equity and justice, which endure through all the mutations of time, and from which he drew lessons pertinent and valuable alike to individual as to government.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Florence Rich White, entranced, gave a number of platform tests in an interesting manner and of a satisfactory character.

GEORGE A. BACON.

## LETTER FROM PROF. SEVERANCE.

MR. EDITOR:—I thought perhaps a few words from our beautiful city to note the progress of liberalism might be of interest to some of the readers of your paper, and that it might encourage others to go and do likewise. We have a society called "The Liberal Club" that has been holding meetings for four or five years, made up of Spiritualists and all shades of liberals. The objects of the meetings are for educational purposes and for freedom of speech. That is, all subjects can be discussed by our lecturers, no subject barred here. Then follows discussion after each lecture upon the merits of the lecture, and in that way we hear all sides of every subject, and I wish to say for the benefit of those that are afraid of free discussion that we have yet to have our first wrangle or discord in our meetings. It is well understood that we are to discuss principles and not personalities, and the speakers are to be held strictly to parliamentary rules, and in that way there is no chance for trouble, and we have harmony at all times. And yet there is a great difference of opinions expressed at each meeting.

The Spiritualists were about the first to advertise a "free platform" in the early days of Spiritualism, meaning free speech upon all questions. But I am sorry to say some of them now are utterly opposed to free speech, either on the platform or by the press. Usually most of the inharmonious any of our public meetings by the Spiritualists is when they are to shut off some subject from discussion that is of vital importance to humanity. Some people that are ever ready to criticize some one else are never willing to be criticized. This seems to me unjust and unwise, for if we have faults (and we all have them) we should be willing that they be pointed out to us in a proper manner, so that we can improve upon ourselves.

We commenced our course of lectures for the season the first Sunday in October by L. W. Halsey, a prominent lawyer of our city. His subject was "Woman and her Work," which was very ably handled by him from a radical standpoint, and an interesting discussion followed.

I would say right here that Ollie Denslow is now located in our city, added great interest to our meetings by her sweet inspirational singing.

Our meetings are usually well attended and well reported by the press of our city, several of the city papers giving very good reports.

I would suggest to those liberals in any town or city that do not feel able to hire speakers, get a place to meet in, and get some one to volunteer to address you upon some subject and depend on home talent for a while at least. You can make such meetings very interesting and instructive, more so than going to Churches, for you can hear both sides of every question in such meetings as I have described.

Milwaukee, Wis.







# THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

## SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—in so far as she beholds  
Her one beloved's face.  
A mother—with a great heart that enfolds  
The children of the race.  
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty  
That comes of perfect use, in built thereof,  
And mind where reason rules over duty,  
And justice reigns with love.  
A self-poised, brave, wise, tender,  
No longer blind and dumb;  
A human being of unknown splendor,  
Is she who is to come!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something *good* to say, whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on *one side of the paper*, and address all matter for publication to Emma Rood Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Lord Tennyson died at his home, Alworth, near Haslemere, Surrey, at 1.35 o'clock this morning. He died peacefully and as gently as he had lived. The body lies on the bed in which he died. The coverlet over him is almost hidden beneath the flowers which have been placed upon it. A laurel wreath crowns the head and another lies at the feet.—Cablegram.

All singing things be still—be still;  
Winds, waters, leaves, and poets—all;  
Earth's grandest singer lies so low  
At Aldworth, under flowery pall.  
He lies so silent—lies so low,  
Who sang for all humanity,  
In highest thought, in choicest words  
With penetrating melody.

Look at him! Poet well beloved;  
Death smoothes the aged, lordly face;  
He rests like a fallen king,  
The triumph of the Saxon race.

His hands are folded on his breast;  
Those hands which jeweled books and books;  
The laurel wreath which crowns his head,  
How eloquent each green leaf looks.

O, but to have one simple leaf  
Resting upon a brow like his,  
Were something one would like to shrine  
In sad, adoring memories.

Still, in the middle of the night,  
His going was—so void of pain  
His loved ones, at his couch, knew not  
The moment—but he went full brain.

Peaceful and painless he arose  
To life beyond our clouded sight,  
Strong as an angel having dwelt  
A thousand years in heavenly light.

His first fond welcome, we wish,  
Was Hallam, o'er whose early tomb  
The poet's *In Memoriam* grew  
To thrifty leaf and splendid bloom.

When upward rolls the toll of bells,  
Declaring mortal love's eclipse,  
'Twere fitting he repeat his verse  
To Arthur, with new angel lips:

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient dimes of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand years of war,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

As he foretold the bar was crossed  
After the sunset, and the call,  
He seemed to hear last year, rang out  
With certain meaning—that was all.

## CROSSING THE BAR.

"Sunset and evening star,  
And clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

"For 'tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar."

## LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

Already Autumn is tinting up her foliage, and the maples are beginning to glow like huge bouquets. To-day my little five-year-old neighbor, Glyndon C., came in with his hands full of bright leaves, and his eyes dancing with delight.

"Have you seen them? Have you seen them—the trees? I tell you they are *beauties*—look up the road?" I looked, and, surely, the long rows were gaudy decorations on either side of the street, down which the little bud of a manhood had come to pay me a visit. There were the brief-lived leaves, teaching an object lesson on death. Bright, cheerful, singing, and whispering to each other as the winds move among them and the rain-drops laugh down upon them. They do not know there is such a word as death. No regrets trouble them because they must fly down from the high branches and lie as low as the grasses. They have been just as fine leaves as their environments allowed them to be, and that is all any creative energy could expect of them. We humans may be sure the same is true of us, and that we should not work sadly as we "gather in the aftermath" in Autumn days, after "the upland clover blooms" have been harvested, and the meadow lilies are through their flowering time. We should rejoice that the meadows are mown, the grains harvested, the fruits garnered, and know that there is, surely, some good and useful work before us, forever and forever. It may be that of message-bearing angels, but be sure we shall never have *paralysis of the soul*, and also that human spirits are not made to "sit around" and do nothing. Let us do all the good we can each day, and there is little probability that we shall ever get it all done ready to sit down and mourn. Repining is out of fashion.

## We Welcome An Aged Member.

Read what she says:

Dear Sisters of the Women's Club: I come walking with a cane, and bowed over with the weight of ninety-two years, but if you will give me the easy chair by the fire I would like to come in and tell you about old times. I can talk better than I can see or hear, and I will tell you some old, true stories if you have room for me. You will conclude it easier living now than when I started, which was in 1800. Shall I come?

GRANDMA 92.

## Allie Lindsay Lynch Brings a Stray Contrast.

Offering Consolation.

Spiritualism offers something to the sorrowing one who has parted, seemingly, with a dear friend, child, parent, or companion. Where death's change has placed the thin veil between loving twain, it offers the hope of an unsevered tie, soon to be as real as in this sphere it had been. Very different is the consolation orthodoxy extends, as will be seen by the stanza following:

"Then, ye heart-broken husband, weep no more,  
For she now roams empyreal fields above,  
And there enjoy upon that beautiful shore,  
Another father and a husband's love."

How I pitied the sorrowing husband who received this offered tribute and sympathy—for it was really meant thus: He must have felt doubly bereft. True, we are told that often another husband than the one here recognized in law will, through soul affinity, be found, but 'tis not—as in orthodoxy—one husband (Jesus) with every saved woman his bride! No provision has been made for the men, and for once woman is first; elevated to the dignity of being bride to her savior, and man left unwed, unloved! No wonder the vast majority of professing Christians are women, or that men are less attracted to their forlorn heavenly (?) condition!

There is so little consolation in orthodoxy; that is, in their future. One husband for all females, no wives for the men, no growth from childhood, none for the soul; singing, shouting, harp-playing, and a few other monotonous acts of adoration. No jolly handshaking or sweet love-making; no studies and advances; no soothing, charming, vivifying nature.

I have attempted to offer our consolation, where death has removed one from an orthodox household, sometimes with some weight, but other times to meet a horrified or snubbing look, that had effect to silence and leave me pitying their double privation. Then only can we comfort by our silent thoughts directed to the souls of the lone one.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

## CONSERVATIVE EATERS.

Very discouraging people to cater to are the ones who are never ready for anything which they have not had before—the folks who shy at anything new.

If they chance to get a taste of turmeric in the pickles, they are likely to lay what they have taken on the extreme edge of their plate as if it were a worm; if the soup has a taste of celery they will tell you it tastes as if it had "Smellage in it," if they get a bit of citron in a mince pie they straightway inform you that it "tastes queer."

I understand somewhat of the feeling, although I am fond of trying new things, and a certain very outspoken gentleman, who has had the freedom of our house and his tongue for a series of years, says when I make soup I get everything on the farm into it except the horses. Yet, I did have a surprise one evening in the form of a dish of potatoes. We had two very sweet young city girls visiting us, who took it into their heads to be helpful one afternoon when I had gone out for a call. They sent the maid off to attend to the milk while they got tea. They found some cold potatoes which they decided to fry. We had a young farm assistant who was just in the "hair ile" period of his life, and he had carefully whipped up a lump of lard and stirred in some German cologne I had given him "to scent it." This he had put carefully in an empty jelly glass, and set it up in the pantry to use for toilet purposes. The dear girls got his treasure to fry their potatoes in. They met me up the street, as I was coming home, with the announcement, "We got the tea and it's all ready!" Of course I was delighted with their sweetness, and praised them, but—well, the fried potatoes really surprised me. They made me charitable toward conservative eaters. But here is a new recipe—try it.

CHEESE STRAWS—To eat with chocolate, coffee iced, ice cream, or anything of the sort, make some Parmesan cheese straws in this way: A rich puff paste of four ounces of butter, four of Parmesan cheese grated, with half a teaspoonful of cayenne and four ounces of flour. Roll it out thin, and cut in strips of four inches in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth; bake lightly and served piled high in alternate rows on a dish.

OUR OWN TOMATO PICKLES—One-half bushel green tomatoes, one-half dozen large onions, one dozen sweet peppers. Slice, sprinkle on salt, and let stand over night. Rinse off—drain—boil in weak vinegar until taken, skim out into a jar. Take one pint vinegar, four and one-half pounds brown sugar, two tablespoons ground cinnamon, one of allspice, one of mustard, and one pint grated horseradish, pour over hot.

HUDSON TUTTLE'S BREAKFAST TOAST—Cut thin slices of bread and toast them to a light brown. Melt a lump of butter as large as an egg or larger, stir into it an even tablespoonful of flour, when blended pour in a pint and a half of milk, into which put about an ounce of grated or thinly chipped cheese. Let it boil up, to melt the cheese, stir it thoroughly, and dip the browned slices in, and lay them on a hot platter, and send them to the table.

## BAKED POTATOES.

Of course you like baked potatoes, and all the children and invalids like them too. So the art of preparing them is deserving of attention.

To make a success of it you need good potatoes, a steady oven, and a family who will respond to your summons to a meal promptly. Small potatoes take half an hour, medium-sized ones three-quarters of an hour, and large ones an hour to bake. They should be selected as nearly uniform in size as possible, unless you want to take trouble to have a procession of them going into the oven, the largest first, etc., timing them according to size, which is more trouble than to select carefully.

When tender they are done, and should be pricked to let the air escape, placed on a hot dish or a napkin and served at once. A delicious dressing for them is thick, sour cream, salted to taste.

"Bah!" you say, "I could never fancy that." Try it and see. It may happily disappoint you.

Once when the late Col. Bundy was our guest, and a delightful companion he was, he came out to breakfast a little indisposed to eat, although not ill. "I have something," I said: "Try this Early Rose baked potatoes with sour cream!" He demurred at the *sour cream*. I persuaded him to just taste. "That is nice!" he said, and made a breakfast of it.

Again the parochial school begins to knock at our doors and claims the right to teach our children. Shall we dismiss a school system which the nations of the earth are examining and copying and borrowing, and put in its place a system that nearly all of these nations have turned off? Catholics of the United States should stand with the progressive Catholics of the world for the public schools. Protestant Germany, Sweden, and England, and from Catholic Italy, France, Chili, and Brazil, comes the demand for public schools. The nations of South America send their messages to the United States: "We have tried the parochial, but it has been found wanting." Central America and Europe send the same message. In South America Catholicism is the State religion; yet they say emphatically, the church is not able, through its parochial schools to teach the people.

## Spiritualist Lecturers.

Desiring that this list of lecturers should be read and that they should be referred to in the Light of Truth.

Mrs. M. A. Allen, Boston, Landing St.  
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## A. WILLIS.

Materializing Medium.

264 East Third Street, City.  
Will materialize in the evening, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock. Every evening, Monday and Tuesday, at 8 o'clock.



## Questions and Answers.

QUESTIONS will be received upon these conditions:—1. They must be pertinent to spiritualism. 2. Must contain an inquiry only. 3. All questions must be sent to the office of the Light of Truth, and will be forwarded to the guides of Mrs. R. Shepard Little.

Ques. 62.—Is not the doctrine of predestination true in a spiritual sense?

Ans.—The inquirer has quoted some statements of spirits, for instance: "Mortals never loose the line of life marked out for them by eternal foresight."

This language is figurative. At least spirits do not teach or intend to convey the idea of a personal being, supervising, directing, and governing, and in accordance with the doctrine of foreordination or predestination, as taught by John Calvin, decreeing from eternity that this one shall do this, another one do that. But spirits do see nature working through law as manifest embodiment of intelligence in all things whatsoever they may be—from systems to worlds and on to man—law governing all. It does not need a law maker to issue a command that water shall course downward instead of running up hill. Its own specific gravity settles that, or we might say the God within it. Neither does it require a command of any being to say that oil and water shall not mingle, for their very nature governs that.

We believe, therefore, as man is under law, as are all things in nature, that the eternal foresight which maps out our life-line, is nothing more or less than the varied law of nature working together to produce given results.

It is true that these laws work so perfectly that we all follow our own life-line, or fulfill the law in our particular case with unerring accuracy, true to the causes underlying and overruling each individual case.

Planets hold their places in the system of which they are a part in obedience to laws, existing and operating between them and their center, the sun, also between these and other systems. If all could be weighed in the balance, it would be seen that the sun radiating light, sent forth a power both attracting and repelling other bodies, and they also sent forth an influence, both of these causes, combining to keep each in its own orbit and moving on its own course obedient to the laws within these bodies as truly as oil and water are obedient to the laws governing these substances.

It will therefore be plainly seen that man, a child of nature, holds a relation to all things in nature, and will respond according to the chemical qualities of the elements entering into his composition. And his relation to suns and worlds and all things brought to bear upon him will determine the quality of his acts while on the mortal plane in a great measure. But this is not foreordination, as we understand it, but law.

Ques. 63.—What interpretation does Modern Spiritualism hold concerning the plagues of Egypt as to how they were accomplished—were they developed by mediumistic power?

Ans.—It is our belief they were never developed at all save in the fertile brain of an imaginative mind. We do not believe in the Lord who sent Moses and Aaron forth, armed with the magical rod as a sign that he was with them. We do not believe the rivers were all turned to blood by Moses, and other water furnished in order that the magicians of Pharaoh might perform the same wonders. Nor do we believe in the magic which turned the dust of the land to crawling vermin; the innumerable hosts of frogs; the cattle twice or thrice destroyed from the land; the black cloud of locusts; the air filled with flies. In short, though magic, black and white, may be practiced in a degree by men, this story bears on its face strong evidence of being from first to last a fabrication instead of being the work of mediumship or mortals under the influence of gods or spirits.

Ques. 64.—What evidence have we that we shall exist as individual personalities?

Ans.—The evidence is such as leads the ablest minds of both sides of life to believe it is a truth; the survival of the individual after death; the increase of his powers at this time instead of the diminishing, would go far to induce one to think that that which possesses a power of life, increasing from the point where it can be traced, on through the many changes through which it passes. Death, the most marked event on this side of life, being passed triumphantly, would certainly continue throughout eternity; for if indestructible in substances composing its covering (and not an atom of matter can be destroyed) then would it not be reasonable to suppose that that which is more than the garment would also be indestructible? We believe it to be true that the individual entity remains a conscious being through endless eons of time. We converse with those who have lived long ages ago; who have passed from world to world; who grow in might and power, and we see no reason to believe that this will not continue with them as with all souls.

To be sure, no one has lived through eternity, therefore no witness can testify that we shall, but we have the best of reasons from the evidences which are ours and the observations we may make in countless ways that the spirit of man, the indwelling soul, the real ego, is destined to eternal existence.

Ques. 65.—In a case of sitting for independent slate-writing with questions addressed to several spirits of the same family name, why is it, that, although they spell correctly each Christian name and give direct answers to the questions, that in every case each misspelled the surname?

Ans.—In very many instances the slate-writing phenomena is produced for your spirit friends by the controlling spirit of the band operating through the medium. It is as certainly a communication from your friend as it is when you receive a telegraphic dispatch. Your telegraphic dispatch is received through an operator who understands the processes necessary. Not very many, even if permitted, can walk up to the instrument and make use of it for themselves. Still, you do not doubt that the dispatch came from your friend.

How many communications by telegraph did you ever receive when the operator received your name and spelled it accurately; and yet the rapidly with which your telegraphic dispatches are received, and the difficulties in the way of its proper transmission, are not to be compared with the difficulties to be met in giving messages from the spirit to the mortal side of life. Those spirits who can make direct use of the means at hand and can usually give *fac simile* hand-writing and signature, will be identified. In such cases there is no misspelling or mistakes. But in the cases when the intermediate spirit is hurriedly giving the messages for a spirit standing, and many things in the way of which you know not, the operating spirit with mind alert upon the work of obtaining the message—of extracting from the medium the necessary chemicals without injury to him, has a work to do which is likely to make spelling the names a secondary matter or perhaps thinking he is in the right, does not ask the spirit sending the message to set him right.

We have referred to the fact that some spirits are unable to operate and that some would not be permitted. Of this latter class it might seem strange, but although spirits might intend no harm, some would exhaust the vitality of the medium by contact, without intending to do so, to the extent that the controlling spirit would not permit, for the protection of the instrument or medium from undue exhaustion, is a vital point. If controlling spirits, too anxious to please the seekers or investigators, are careless of the welfare of their medium or think they can restore to them their wasted energies, they are likely to see in time their medium resort to temporary

means of stimulating after too much exhaustion, which, if continued, can only bring trouble later. When you receive the manifestation of slate-writing with messages characteristic in wording or sentiment of the spirit purporting to communicate do not be troubled about the misspelt name or word occasionally which might occur for various reasons. This phase of mediumship we consider capable of doing more good perhaps than almost any other, as many now possess the gift in such degree, and can give the manifestation in the light and so open and above suspicion that it ranks among the very first as a convincing power.

To be sure, there are many things to be considered, but the phenomena is presented now in an indisputable manner. "Let not your hearts be troubled" at a misspelt word. Half the communications by telegraph contain misspelt words, but are genuine just the same, and so with this.

Written for the Light of Truth.

### Would Had to Pay.

CONNA MAY MORRIS.

I noticed at the close of the sermon Sabbath morn. That my little Midge's face, looked dejected and forlorn. And in her sweet blue eyes was a look of sad reproach. As she shyly left the pew and toward me did approach.

"What is it, Midge?" I whispered as bending low my head, But she only tossed her silken curls and not a word was said. Until we gained the street, then, with a cunning glance behind, She straightened up her slender form and freely spoke her mind.

"I do not like to go to church the sermon's awful long. And the bald man with the organ sang such an ugly song: Then I got so sleepy, that I could not hear a sound, And when I waked up hungry, they were passing 'freshments' round."

"They didn't have much, though—only some scraps of bread, And two goblets of wine they passed after grace was said. They didn't offer me a thing, and oh! it made me mad, But when I found I'd had to pay then I was awful glad."

"For I didn't have a cent, and it would have made my cry, If they had passed that basket to me while going by. Yes, I'm glad I didn't take any 'freshments' there to-day, For it would have been embarrassing when they asked me to pay."

## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Professor of Hygiene in the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, editor of the *Herald of Health*, 219 pages. M. L. Holbrook & Co. Publishers.

This may be called appropriately a hand-book of consumption. It is divided into three parts: Nature and Cause of Consumption; Prevention and Treatment of its Earlier Stages; and Treatment in more Advanced Stages. The ideas of the author are of more interest now than the cause of the fell disease is ascribed to bacillus germs fastening themselves in the lungs, for he takes higher grounds than those who would simply cure the disease. He would so fortify the body as to make it impregnable not only to consumption, but to all forms of disease. No man is better qualified to write on this subject, and he has made a book of great value, especially to those who are constitutionally inclined to pulmonary ailments. The work was commenced twenty years ago, and has been built up, as it were, by the slow accretion of experience and study. It would have been published a year before Koch's discoveries and methods founded thereon, but Dr. Holbrook waited for the value of this treatment to be determined, and when it was shown by practical application that it was overestimated, he completed his work. Like all the books of its author, it is direct, plain, matter of fact; exactly what those interested want to know; what they will find nowhere else, and which will profit them more than consultation of a score of physicians.

SECRETS OF THE CONVENT. Dr. A. B. Spinney says of this wonderful story: "It is just what we need to awaken thought. The trouble is to get it into the hands of those who need it most. It ought to be distributed by the thousands and copies." It is just the book the P. S. of A. should use in missionary work, and one of them said, it is to the Catholic system what Uncle Tom's Cabin was to slavery.

THE DEATH PENALTY. A consideration of the objection to capital punishment, with a chapter on war. By Andrew J. Palm, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1891, pp. 241.

This is a timely topic vigorously treated. As Spiritualists we believe and teach that the poorest possible use a man can be put to, and especially a criminal, is to send his soul out of the world unprepared, with all his hates enthroned, to return in spirit to obsess or influence others with like tendencies, to the commission of like crimes against human life and society.

But it is not as a Spiritualist that the accomplished author of this timely volume considers the subject. The whole subject in its relation to the criminal and to society is carefully reviewed, the voice of experience chronicled, and the substitute demanded by our modern civilization, to-wit, the reformation of the criminal, ably treated.

We commend the volume to all our readers as the best presentation of a practical and pressing subject which we have seen.

GLEANINGS FROM THE ROSTRUM, by A. B. French, Columbus, Ohio, 1892, pp. 299.

We refer to this work again because we want all of our readers to have the pleasure and profit of its perusal. It contains a sketch of the life of the accomplished lecturer, by Hudson Tuttle, and no fiction of the imagination creates a more vivid interest to an intelligent mind than does the story of the wonderful development of Mr. French. It bristles with forcible testimony of the truth of spirit direction, ministrations, aid and communion.

It is acknowledged that Mr. French is without a peer to-day as a platform lecturer upon his chosen topic. He is eloquent, his diction is pure, his language ornate but clearly expresses his ideas, which are broad, comprehensive, and progressive. In listening to his impassioned utterances we were reminded of Henry Clay, the great American orator and statesman, of an age when great men were needed, and appeared to shape the destiny of our young Republic. Our older readers will fully comprehend our illustration.

This volume contains twelve of the best lectures of Mr. French, upon a great variety of topics, each one of which to a thinking reader is worth the price of the book. It ought to have a large circulation. It can be obtained at this office.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE BIBLE, by J. H. Pratt. This is a neat pamphlet of 32 pages, published by Mr. Pratt for gratuitous distribution. He is in earnest in his beliefs and disbeliefs and is willing to sacrifice his wealth in extending his views. Any one wishing the pamphlet can have it by sending the postage (one-cent stamp) to the author, at Springfield, Kansas.

## SPICY SIFTINGS.

The Fire Department Loungers—Three sixes is ruug, cap'n.

The Captain of the Truck—Mine's aces. (Rolls over and continues the sleep.)—Judge.

Judge—And he took you by the throat and choked you, did he?

Pat—Yis, sor, he queezed me troat till Oi thot he'd make either out of me Adam's apple.—Ex.

I wouldn't worry if I were you; there is no imminent danger of death.

It isn't the dying that I mind; it's the horrible waste of time in staying dead.—Life.

The street car driver's song: Listen to my tale of woea

A MILDLY TORTURE.

Barber (testing the razor)—Do I hurt you, sir?

Baird—No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair.

Barber (highly gratified)—Who was that?

Baird—The dentist.—Puck.

## SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

For sale at the office of the LIGHT OF TRUTH, Room 7, 206 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following list contains most of the best works on the philosophy and science of spiritualism and kindred subjects, which are kept in stock at this office. Remit by postoffice money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Content of the Sacred Heart, by Hudson Tuttle. This book was written for an object and has been pronounced equal in its exposure of the diabolical methods of Catholicism to Uncle Tom's Cabin. It should be read by every man, woman and child who love their country, their religion and the soul of God. Price in paper, 25 cents; in muslin, 50 cents, post paid. For sale, wholesale and retail, by C. C. Stowell, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

Life in Two Spheres, by Hudson Tuttle. In this story the scenes are laid on earth and in the purpose of presenting the spiritual philosophy and the real life of spiritual beings. All the questions which arise on that subject are answered. The spiritualist will be delighted, the investigator will find it invaluable and the church member gain a full and perfect idea of the teaching of spiritualism. 24 pages, 100 pages, 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by C. C. Stowell, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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